



DRAMATIC MIRROR.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

DEFINITION OF A DRAMATIC DRUNK. TAKING OFF THE EGO AND SITTING IN SEMI-UNCONSCIOUSNESS MAKING FACES AT FATE. AT THE PANTOMIME, OBLIVIOUS OF DUTY AND THE THREE GRACES. GOING BACK TO BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

Did you ever go on what may be called a dramatic drunk?

First of all, let me tell you why men, as a rule, go upon drunks at all. I don't think you ever stopped to consider it.

It isn't because the taste of liquor is so overpowering. It isn't because they can't help it. I'm not talking about "bums" and inebriates, who are the slaves of an appetite. I'm talking about the ordinary, fairly intelligent, slightly overworked fellow who, at the end of six weeks, goes off, has a toot and gets full of wine or whiskey and has a debauch either mild or wild as the case may be, and then gets over it and goes back to his routine again and doesn't taste a drop till his turn comes round once more.

The simple truth is he is trying to get away from himself.

He gets so tired of his own personality that he wants to take off his Ego, as he takes off his dress coat, and sit in his semi-unconsciousness for a while, making faces at Fate.

Liquor was the mysterious power of putting to sleep those three dreadful ghosts that keep step with us and look over our shoulders all the time—will, responsibility, conscience.

You've no idea how they haunt and oppress some people who haven't got backbone enough to carry the three incubi. The moment a man gets exhilaratingly full a glad irresponsibility takes possession of him. The power to be illogical and even incoherent seizes him. He can cry or fight or fall down a coal-hole with equal spontaneity and not get hurt. Something has struck off all the shackles of conduct. That's why he sings and cries and moans. He is an angel in his sensibilities and a brute in his desires. But his dread monitors have disappeared and he is so light-hearted he will offer to fight a giant or beat his wife or walk on the coping of a ten-story house.

Liquor furnishes the weak fellow with a pass key out of himself.

I honestly believe that some men are better off after a mild debauch than before it. They have renewed the helplessness and the freedom of youth for a little while. Then when the three good angels come back your penitent fellow shakes hands with them and blushes and executes the well-known feat of turning over a new leaf. If they hadn't gone away he wouldn't be glad to see them.

Of course I am bound to confess that the three stay away a little longer each time, and finally do not come back at all. But that's a stage of the freedom that I needn't discuss here.

A mild drunk is temporary oblivion. I suppose, just as a hypodermic syringe is a fairy talisman to your hysterical nymph who is tired of fighting and wants to dream. Life, friends, duty, womanhood, conscience, all stand around her and ask her to do right. I'm tired, she says, the strain is too much. I am going to step outside of responsibility and rest. Then she pokes the talisman through her cuticle into her soul.

We all have our talismans and our little private debauches though we do not all drink or carry syringes.

On Monday night three angels warned me to do my duty. There was Hading and there was Langtry and there was Coquelin. It was the old fight and I was tired. Then the tempter came. He whispered in my ear, "Go and see *Le Voyage en Suisse*. Let art and intellect go to the deuce. Stop thinking and roll over and laugh." Then came the usual struggle of inclination and duty. I turned down the gas so that I could not see my own blushes in the glass. I pretended to wrestle with myself; then I went and got drunk on the Hanlons.

You see I am writing this on the morning of repentance. I'm making a clean breast of it, as we say. I don't wish to hide anything or keep anything back. I want to confess everything. I'm in that strange mood of compunction when a man wants seltzer water and reads the *Mail and Express*. I feel that something is gone forever—for example, Hading in *L'Étrangère*. I now know with remorse that I was not there doing my sad duty. A sense of lost opportunity and

neglected Marcus Meyer weighs heavily upon me. A horrible consciousness oppresses me that I have been to a house of feasting when I ought to have been to a house of mourning—Ecclesiastes, seventh and second—did you ever notice how a fellow quotes scripture the next morning?

The sorrowful face of Langtry rises up before me. I wrote her a note and told her I had been on a mild drunk. All she said was, as she laid my note on top of one of Charley Coghlan's, "and you, too!"

Well, I went down, as I say, to The Hanlons. I didn't even disguise myself.

What was the use. I'd got away from myself. I felt that that old, tired, proper imbecile, Nym Crinkle, was left behind in his sackcloth and ashes, and I, an eternal youth, was clothed in my right mind, and was going to have a good time. The conductor said to me on a Sixth avenue car, "Say, young fellow, don't whistle in here, please."

I hadn't been in the theatre ten minutes before I forgot if it was Cicero, or Demosthenes, or Boucicault who said "action, action, action," but I saw that it was Hanlon who realized it. I was a boy again. A deep, upswelling realization that Coquelin and Hading were away uptown and didn't know where I was tingled all through me. Some of the mad recklessness of the play got hold of me. It came on with an eruption and it went off with an explosion—ere one could say it lightens." So did I. I was playing tag again in the ten-acre lot of boyhood, all asphalt and wild asses' heels and such. Reckless? Well, just fancy, I even put ten cents in the opera glass slot and looked at Miss Emily Bancker's loveliness and things, as if I were fifty years old and belonged to the Union League Club. Sweet violet, I said to myself, why have I never heard of you before? Why isn't that beautiful face on all the cigarettes? What are the soap manufacturers thinking about? Because we have got to have soap forever must we have Lillian Russell forever? Will no one invent a soap that will wash out Pauline Hall? I wondered what the odor of her hair was: if it smelt like Rives' heroine of new sponges, or like Edgar Saltus' heroine of "Acorns and Pines," or only like Atherton's of bandoline and bourbon? I felt like those Vassar girls who last week came down in a body, after talking Macbeth for a week to the professors, and then all went to the Casino. I had been talking Potter for a month, and all this time Emily Bancker was alive, and here was I at a pantomime.

I wonder what Selena Fetter and Blanche Weaver think of me now. I wonder what Alice Fischer will say when she hears I have seen Emily. I try to conjecture what the executors of my estate will do when this is all brought up against me to show that I was of unsound mind. I yelled at Ed. Hanlon—by the way, do you know the luxury of a yell, or have you forgotten all about it? Outside of a Hanlon performance or a Yale dinner where will you find one. I mean the pure water yell, the genuine yard-wide war whoop. Unless Chauncey Depew is making a speech or Ed. Hanlon is making a grimace you will have to search a long time through the silent corridors of propriety.

We smile at Sothorn, we beam at Nate Salisbury, we wince at Wilson, we blush at Nat Goodwin, we yell at Hanlon. His performance is unlike a blackboard exercise. It's like a game of football or a cane rush. In half an hour your audience is as lost to all sense of propriety as a graduating class at Princeton or a woman who has bet on the wrong horse. He digs up Françoise Ravel and Humpty Dumpty and smiles them into one piece of animation. Then we boys yell and cry sit down in front, and the sharp rattle of the policeman cannot be heard for our tipsiness.

But this morning when I woke up sore all along my intercostal spaces with yells and laughs, and began calling for the *Evening Post* and milk, penitence and reason had set in. I knew I would have to meet my convictions and my family. How was I to face my eight beautiful children (all girls)? How look my neglected duties in the face?

The fiend whispered in my ear even then, "See Emily Bancker again and die." But the returning wave of strength had set in. "No," I said; "I will arise and return to my Hading. There may be some *clan* in Coquelin. At all events, there is nothing

tonic in the Plutonic Hanlon. I want soda water and sad reflection. There is only one thing to say. It is Française.

By a mighty effort of my will I summoned my family. They gathered round my couch. I could see in their faces that they had already heard of my toot. Eloise was dignified and pale. Iolanthe was red-eyed, as if she had been weeping. There was a look of deep pity in the violet eyes of Euphrosyne.

They all had their children with them, for in turning over a new leaf in my family we generally turn over all the branches at the same time.

"My dears," I said, "no man is immaculate. Human strength is human weakness at the best. We all err at times. It is left to us only to repent and begin again."

Here Caliope, the youngest, remarked, "Pa, why don't you hire a hall?"

And Eloise, unbending a little, said, "Yes, Pauline Hall, if her price isn't too high."

"My children," I continued, disregarding these little interruptions, "It is probably worse than any of you suspect. I took too much Hanlon. You will bear me out, I trust, when I say that I do not take Hanlon habitually. Why I took him on this occasion may be a very hard nut to crack."

"A chestnut," said Caliope.

"My dear," I said with severity, "he may be a chestnut to the press, but he is one of those chestnuts that have never been roasted. I wish to say to you that in a moment of human weakness I forgot myself so far as to enjoy him. I do not wish to excuse my conduct. No one feels the utter baseness of it so keenly as I do myself this morning. I hardly knew how I should look into your pure faces, chastened with much Cleopatra after I came to my senses. But the best way out is to make a frank confession and ask you all to give me your forgiveness and lend me your moral strength to go and sin no more."

Then these eight exemplary women said in chorus, "Yes, we will, pa, on one condition."

"I know," I cried, "you want me to sign a pledge that I will go nowhere but to Little Lord Fauntleroy."

"No," they all murmured in chorus, "not that, for some of us would have to go with you."

"What is it then?"

Then there came to me an octette of pensive tones:

"Get us a box at the Hanlons, so that we can have a drunk ourselves."

NYM CRINKLE.

MR. AYRES REPLIES.

No matter which side the word-conjuror of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR chances to take in any discussion, what he writes sounds very pretty, and his arguments—if not too closely scanned—appear very plausible.

Mr. Wheeler is a poet and I am not; Mr. Wheeler likes to get into the clouds, while I like to keep down to the grass.

Mr. Wheeler, it would seem, has yet to learn what we mean by *spontaneity* when we use the term in speaking of acting. We don't mean real, genuine spontaneity; we mean the *semblance* only of spontaneity. When we say, for example, that there is a lack of spontaneity in an actor's work, we would be understood to say that instead of appearing to express thoughts that are his own, that come to him as he gives them utterance, he appears to be simply reciting a lesson learned. Genuine spontaneity, the kind of spontaneity Mr. Wheeler talks about, to the stage is unknown. Stage spontaneity of all the things an actor should acquire costs the greatest effort of the mind, and consequently is the most intellectual. It is this kind of spontaneity, this stage spontaneity, this art spontaneity, that makes Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Coudock, Miss Morris and Mrs. Drew the greatest players we have to-day in America. This is the kind of spontaneity that made Forrest and Cushman and all the great ones what they were. It may, very properly, be called measured and moulded, cut and dried, prepared-before-hand spontaneity. It is the product of insight, native and acquired. Nothing else ever has produced it, and nothing else ever will produce it. Some great actors are not able to produce it unaided; Rachel, for example. They may have the ability to execute, but they have not the ability to discover.

If there were any such thing on the stage as Mr. Wheeler's spontaneity, there would be no

art in it. It would be mere slap-dash, haphazard, chaotic spontaneity.

"Some of the best acting ever seen," says Mr. Wheeler, "has been done in moments when the actors passed beyond the conditions of conscious volition." This fact was attested by Talma and others, he says. Now here is what Talma said on the subject of volition: "I calculate everything and my efforts are all premeditated and reasoned upon beforehand, and it is always when I am most completely master of myself that I receive the greatest applause."

Mold, another great French player, said: "The actor is master of the emotions of others in exact proportion as he controls his own."

Another distinguished player, a woman, upon being complimented and told that she must have imagined herself really to be the character she was personating, replied: "Not the least bit in the world." "But you wept; I saw the tears." "True, but it was not the character that made me weep; it was the sound of my voice, the realism of my accent." In other words, it was stage spontaneity, brain spontaneity, art spontaneity, and not heart spontaneity, gizzard spontaneity, Wheeler spontaneity, nor was it reflex action, automatic action, unconscious cerebration, or any bratton but conscious brain bratton.

The kind of spontaneity and emotion Mr. Wheeler lauds and delights in can be produced as well without brains as with brains, while to produce art spontaneity it requires a lot of brains and a deal of delving.

What Mr. Wheeler has to say about unconscious endeavor, I reply to with this brief assertion: No man can call over the letters of the alphabet without giving his mind to it. Let anyone try it, and at the same time proceed with the solution of a mathematical problem and see how far he will get.

As for emotion, it is simply one of the means wherewith we heighten the effect of the thought. There is, there can be, no emotion without a thought behind it. Without the naturally attending emotion the thought is not fully expressed by the actor. "What is the thought in a wet eye?" asks Mr. Wheeler. If a wet eye did not suggest anything, did not suggest a thought, the only difference between a wet eye and a dry eye would be that the one has a little water in it and the other hasn't.

If Mr. Wheeler were less well and less widely known as a man whose public utterances are always in perfect accord with his private utterances, I should sometimes find it difficult to think him sincere.

ALFRED AYRES.

EX-MAYOR HEWITT RESPONDS.

At a recent meeting the Board of Trustees of the Actors' Fund unanimously elected the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, ex-Mayor of this city, as an honorary member of the association. In response to a notification to this effect, Mr. Hewitt sends the following letter:

NEW YORK, Feb. 12, 1889.

Harrison Gray Fiske, Esq., Secretary:
DEAR SIR.—I am equally surprised and delighted at the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., informing me that the Board of Trustees of the Actors' Fund of America have unanimously elected me an honorary member of this admirable organization. I accept the honor with gratitude, and I beg to assure you and your associates that I shall always feel the most profound interest in any movement which may tend to the benefit of actors who do so much to relieve the anxieties of life and to educate the public in art and charity.

Sincerely yours,
ABRAM S. HEWITT.

BARRY AND FAY'S SEASON.

"Barry and Fay are enjoying the most prosperous season they have had since they started out eight years ago with Muldoon's Picnic."

The speaker was Berrie Jarrett, the manager of these two stars, who was spending a few days in this city.

"The new play, McKenna's Flirtation, is a great success," he continued, "and business has been good everywhere. For the past few weeks we have been playing return dates through New England, and as yet we have not failed to play at least \$2000 better in every town than we did on the original date. Mr. Fay was ill two weeks, and Charles Lamb filled his part very acceptably. Mr. Fay is all right now, though, and joins the company at New London. As for myself I find that Barry and Fay live up to all their agreements, and give satisfaction wherever they go."

The death of his father called Harry Leopold, of the Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels, to Milford Mass., on Tuesday of last week.

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••The Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

SCENERY VS. ACTING.

OUR esteemed contemporary the Boston Transcript takes exception to THE DRAMATIC MIRROR's allusion to Mr. Irving as the originator of the new dramatic cult—in other words the elaborate decoration of SHAKESPEARE's plays in lieu of histrionic adequacy in their representation. Says the Transcript:

Honor is properly due Mr. Irving for his accomplishments in the way of artistic and effective work with the scenic accessories of great dramas, but not for invention or original demonstration of correct scenery and drama as aids to the aesthetic satisfaction of the spectator. Long before Mr. Irving had acquired any reputation in London the late CHARLES Kean had done wonders in this direction. Years were passed, much money was expended, and many men of scholastic and artistic fame were consulted in order that the scenic scenes should be in all respects as exact reproductions of the original incidents described by the dramatist as human intelligence and skill could make them. And are Mr. Edwin Booth's successes of the same nature, at his theatre in New York, already forgotten?

The Transcript does not by any means complete the historic list of scenic decorators of SHAKESPEARE. PHILIPS, FECHTER, JARRETT and PALMER are also among those that lavished fabulous sums in sumptuous mounting of the Master's tragedies. But the influence of the memorable Kean revivals had ceased to be felt in England when Irving began his missionary work, and Booth, reduced to bankruptcy by his princely efforts in the same direction, had been compelled to give up his theatre here and again become a nomad, his energies exhausted, ambition paralyzed, and fervor utterly unrewarded.

What we said or meant to say—although the Transcript failed to read us right—was that Irving founded the fashion as it exists to-day. When he entered upon his remarkable managerial career in London the English stage was in a sorry state, and public taste had declined deplorably. His bold and brilliant achievements focused attention, attracted large patronage, and once more revived the popularity of the standard drama. His work and its success gave a vital impetus to Shakespearean productions and an enormous lift to the character of the English stage.

If Mr. Irving did not prove a revelation as an actor when he first came to our country, his manner of putting on the pieces in his repertoire unquestionably created a demand for ampler and more complete accessories in this most important branch of the drama.

Previous to his advent, and in spite of Booth's remote but ambitious endeavors, our public was content to take its SHAKESPEARE in the shabbiest, cheapest trappings. Messrs. PALMER and DALY, it is true, had erected a high scenic standard for modern "society" plays, but our tragedians were wont to exhibit themselves perennally amid pictorial rags and tatters, which now would not be tolerated from them in any self-respecting one-night stand. Mr. Irving changed all this. He showed us the difference, and our tragic torch-bearers were compelled to follow in his track if they expected to secure a continuance of metropolitan favor and patronage.

Had IRVING's example worked only this change, we should have reason for naught save rejoicing in contemplating the outcome

of his visits. But IRVING illustriously demonstrated that fine *mise-en-scene* makes fine actors in the popular estimation, at least, and so less tactful, experienced and capable persons have been led to essay the same plan of procedure, but not altogether with the same satisfactory results.

Sumptuous scenery, archaeological accuracy, gorgeous costumes, are not out of place when they serve as auxiliaries to glowing genius or even to trained talent. But when these details from the very inefficiency of the interpreters of the play rise into an importance which dwarfs the text and thwarts the clear purpose of dramatic art, they cease to command commendation and become actually meretricious. Canvas, however handsomely it be painted, is not an honest substitute for competency. The spectacular embellishments that are cunningly devised to hide histrionic deficiency are heinous. It is putting the cart before the horse. It is misleading and perverting. By all means, let us have good scenery, but don't let it take the place of good acting!

WHY NOT ARBITRATE?

THE civil courts of this city are almost constantly occupied by theatrical litigants. There is never a lack of material for the column in which THE DRAMATIC MIRROR's special court reporter chronicles the legal disputes in which managers, actors and dramatists from the season's beginning to its ending are industriously engaged.

Is there no other means whereby the time and money spent by professionals in adjusting their differences can be saved? The somewhat uncertain and troublous nature of their business affairs unfortunately makes these differences unavoidable. Breach of contract, allegations of plagiarism or actual dramatic theft, suits for unpaid salary—these and many other causes of action are frequently arising. The disputants rush to their lawyers, entrust their cases to fat-witted juries of laymen, or to judges little versed in theatrical usage and custom. As likely as not they meet with delay and eventual disappointment, not to speak of loss of time, patience and money.

Would it not be wiser and better if the members of the profession would settle their disputes and seek adjustment for their wrongs by resort to intelligent, speedy and inexpensive arbitration? Surely it would be the safer and more sensible course. After all the court of law is an arbitrator, guided by certain rules whose cumbrous and technical character are not invariably consistent with the best interests of contestants of all classes. Theatrical people must indiscriminately accept the rulings and decisions which, as they know perfectly well, are not always adapted to their especial and peculiar needs. A committee of arbitrators, selected from reputable and unbiased professionals, could be relied upon to judiciously examine into the merits of theatrical cases and understandingly decide upon them.

Probably the principal obstacle against the adoption of this rational plan would be encountered in the fact that its calm and adequate provisions would scarcely meet the requirements of the large number of litigants who go to law not so much for the sake of obtaining justice, pure and simple, but in order to gratify a personal feeling and annoy and harass an adversary. Of course this is many times but an exposition of the venerable proceeding known as biting off your nose to spite your face; nevertheless it furnishes a certain sort of shortsighted satisfaction, as it did to the rival claimants in BART HARTY's tale, who begged themselves in fighting for a worthless piece of ground, and after years of turmoil died anathematizing each other.

We should like to see the experiment given a fair trial, however, although we disclaim any animosity whatsoever against our good friends, the prosperous theatrical lawyers.

LOOK TO THE GATES!

EVERY day it becomes more important that the dramatic journal should look sharply to the integrity of the stage. The general press is overrun with all sorts of undigested suggestions and assumptions which are wide of the true developments and sterling interests of the drama. From the incessant clatter one might suppose that a great factory was turning out first-class work; which, on inspection, proves to be little more than the mills of Quixote fighting the wind

and yielding no grist. The dramatic interest has extended so widely and so thoroughly permeates all the provinces of life that it compels consideration more careful and thorough than it attained in its more limited sphere.

This attention is more specially demanded on account of its present chaotic condition and methods. Its proclivities and proceedings require just now the aid of codification as much as ever did the State laws and statutes. The defects are obvious: Short-sighted management, crude productions, overburdened with non-essentials and covered with imported barnacles, false standards and altogether imperfect acceptance of all sorts of sham idols shaped from wood rather than living entities.

In its policy the theatre has taken false ground. Instead of building itself up on its own foundations it has put itself upon the defense and wasted a good deal of time in dealing with questions and obstructions raised by outsiders. The stage has submitted to negatives and protests, whereas its business is to affirm itself by the good work it does in its own sphere and on its own reality.

Let it address itself to closing the fearful gaps and chasms which yawn and belch forth all sorts of monstrous births. What makes the theatre? The drama? What, the drama? Sterling plays, of organic growth and structure.

It cannot be denied that the theatre proper has been oversloughed by extrinsic appendages and impediments. The annex has been so extended that the stage and its legitimate structure have become scarcely more than a porch or porter's lodge. When once these parasitical attachments are razed the drama will assume its rightful place among the great powers of the age.

A SANITARIUM.

IT is no novelty for the habitual reader of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR to have the theatre referred to as a sanitarium and house of relief from the clamor and confusion of the outside world. Just now the American system is one vast maelstrom which sucks into its abyss all pursuits, avocations, devices, trades and professions. In the centre of this whirlpool the main force is materialistic, and the objects subjected to the whirling relate in great measure to the physical life, such as eating, drinking, traveling, trading, handling merchandise, and crowding the highways with railroad cars, trucks, steamers, and the momentum of a practical and busy people.

This tendency, so to speak, imparts to the country a lop-sided appearance and a staggering gait.

The frenzy or craze is in the ordinary atmosphere and the question is how to escape it and recover an equilibrium of sobriety.

The only agency known to us is the tranquil sanctuary of the theatre, where we find ourselves in another world which transcends all the commonplace of traffic and the exchange where artificial forces prevail, and presents to us the primal man as an representative of intrinsic human nature, aloft and afar from the routine and the perfunctory.

It is in this magic domain that the highest faculty of man, the imagination, has its scope and power and by its talismanic touch performs miracles to eye, ear and heart.

The difference between the two spheres, the stage and the street! The palace which costs a VANDERBILT millions to build and decorate is overtopped by a dash of the dramatist's pen and takes a place in the spectator's inmost recess of thought and feeling as a perpetual structure and an immortal remembrance. These two worlds border on each other, and it lies with the American dramatist to transmute and metamorphose the rude brawns and the various voices of the great mart and the sumptuary salons into a new harmony and a fresh pageant which belong to the temple of art.

There is but one mortal power that can accomplish this result—genius—which fuses by a supernatural fire and illumines with a divine light to be derived from no other source. The sooner genius has the door of the drama opened to it the sooner will our managers have taken the candle from under the bushel and placed on the top of the hill Beautiful for all the world to see and admire.

HOUGHTON.—The Rev. Dr. Houghton, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration ("the Little Church Around the Corner"), has been elected an honorary member of the Players' Club.

PERSONAL.

HAWTHORNE.—Lillie Hawthorne, of Duff's Opera company, is a shining example of the reward of merit. She was called on short notice recently to replace Hattie Delaro as Gomez in The Queen's Mate, and made such a hit that she was at once engaged for the role, despite the fact that she had not been long in the chorus.

HILLIARD.—Robert C. Hilliard is again at liberty by the closing of the season of A Possible Case company.

LINGARD.—Catherine Lingard, the prima donna of the Little Tycoon company, severs her connection with that organization in Topeka, Kas., on Saturday, coming straight to this city, where she will be at liberty.

COQUELIN.—After the present two weeks' engagement in this city M. Coquelin and Mme. Hading separate, never to play together again. M. Coquelin will play alone in this country until next April. After a rest of two months he will then go to the Gaiety Theatre, London.

HERNDON.—Agnes Herndon, whose work in Lights and Shadows this season has evoked much praise, has resigned from that organization on account of its playing four matinees last week in Newark. She is now in this city and at liberty.

BERNHARDT.—Sara Bernhardt will not be seen in this country until 1899.

SULLIVAN.—John T. Sullivan will sail from England for this country on March 2 to fill an engagement with William Gillette, most probably in Robert Elsmere.

MODJESKA.—There is talk of Mme. Modjeska supporting Salvini during his American engagement.

BRYTON.—Fred Bryton paid a flying visit to the city on last Sunday on special business.

HASTINGS.—Florence Hastings, who was obliged to leave Charles R. Gardiner's Fate company on account of illness, is rapidly recovering, and is at liberty to accept an engagement.

McFARLAND.—E. A. McFarland, the courteous manager of Denman Thompson, has returned to the city after a few weeks' absence. During his travels he attended the ice carnival at Montreal.

HINE.—Harry Hine, the manager of Hallen and Hart's Later On company, will shortly come into possession of a small legacy left himself and several other members of his family by a distant relative.

FIELD.—R. M. Field visited this city last week, to make arrangements for his stock company for next season and new plays for his house. During the season he will revive Little Lord Fauntleroy and Shenandoah. He will get a twelve weeks' run out of Sweet Laverder, which is six more than he expected.

MÜLLE.—Ida Müllé has been engaged by Edwin H. Price for the soubrette part in Drifting Apart, which comes to the Fourteenth Street Theatre on March 4.

CARLYLE.—Frank Carlyle is playing John Rutherford in The Wife road company, Nelson Wheatcroft having returned to the home theatre.

HADING.—A small parcel for Jane Hading was delivered by an expressman at Palmer's Theatre on last Monday afternoon. It was a pleasant surprise in the form of a gold pin: shaped like a spade, holding a nugget and with the handle studded with diamonds. The spade, on the reverse, bore the inscription: "Presented by leading French citizens of San Francisco."

WILLETT.—Mittens Willett, who is with the Clara Morris company on tour, sustained a sad bereavement in the death of her father, Edward Willett, last week. Mr. Willett was born in this city and was a graduate of Harvard College and Columbia Law School. He chose a literary career and for a number of years was on the editorial staff of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Chicago Tribune and New York Sun. At the time of his death he was editor of the New York Sunday Dispatch and Drake's Magazine. He was in his fiftieth year and leaves a widow.

HECKLER.—Gus Heckler's new health resort, "Bohemia," which is situated at No. 1257 Broadway, was opened with appropriate services on last Saturday. The genial host was assisted by such shining lights as Donnelly and Girard, Fred Hallen, Robert C. Hilliard, Arthur Wallack and others, and the dedication gave satisfaction to all. Mr. Heckler starts on his new career with the good wishes of the entire profession.

SAMMIS.—Clark S. Sammis, who will manage Wilson's Barrett's tour in this country next season, sailed for England on Saturday on the Umbria. He will remain on the other side about ten weeks.

LAMAR.—Lee Lamar, the beautiful Southern actress, now starring in Bartley Campbell's Fate, is meeting with success both artistically and financially. She is a very promising young woman, and her reception in New York proves that she possesses talent for her chosen profession.

LESLIE.—Little Elsie Leslie did not appear at the Broadway Theatre on last Monday, owing to a severe cold. Tommy Russell played Little Lord Fauntleroy in her place.

THE USHER.



Hear him who can! The ladies call him sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Mr. Edgar Saltus, whom I met in the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other day, told me that he had never read Miss Daintrey's book, "Eros," from which he was charged with plagiarizing an idea by a correspondent in this department last week. "I don't read stories," said Saltus, "I write 'em—and that takes all my time."

By the way, while we stood chatting in front of the Fifth Avenue news counter Mr. Tyson's assistant held up for our inspection a placard of the size and style usually used for the advertisement of books and magazines. The matter it contained was brief but to the point:

KATHIE.
A DISREPUTABLE STORY.
Price, 25 Cents.

The frankness of this announcement is delicious, although so many of the novels of the day are disreputable that one is not likely to make any mistake in buying at random.

"What is to become of The Gusher's baby, Philip Herne?" That is a question which many correspondents are asking. For their benefit and for the general information of Mirror readers I am glad to say that the little chap is safe in the custody of George Waters, one of Mary Fiske's best friends, who will see that Philip is properly looked after until he is provided with a suitable and permanent home. Several ladies have offered to adopt him, and Mr. Waters is investigating with a view to making the wisest disposition of the child.

"The Giddy Gusher Papers," by the way, will be issued some time next month. The matter is now in the hands of the printers. The volume will strikingly exhibit the marvelous versatility and unique genius of the writer.

In Pope Leo's encyclical letter, which was read in the Roman Catholic churches of this city on Sunday morning, the drama and literature came in for a big share of the condemnation which His Holiness is pleased to bestow upon the usual subjects of papal disapproval. Says the prisoner of the Vatican: "We know that impious and immoral dramas are exhibited on the stage; that books and journals are written to jeer at virtue and enoble crime; that the very arts which were intended to give pleasure and recreation have been made to minister to impurity."

The Catholic Church has always held a fairer attitude towards the stage than any other religious body, and it is rather surprising to find the good old gentleman who presides over its affairs now denouncing it. The Romish Church is not averse to accepting benefits at the hands of this "impious and immoral" institution; indeed, if the Pope would but glance over the accounts of the Catholic churches and charities in this city he would find that the stage had been to them a source of considerable revenue. It is a matter of fact that actors have raised more money for Catholic charities during the past five years than they have for their own charity, the Actors' Fund. And pray, by what means did His Holiness learn that "impious and immoral dramas are exhibited on the stage?" He hasn't seen them, of course, nor have the priests of his church, for theatregoing is not supposed to come properly within their province. The testimony he has depended upon, whatever its nature, must have been decidedly unreliable. It is astonishing that he should have permitted himself to be led into the foolish, sweeping condemnation of something of which he has no personal knowledge and of whose character it is evident that he has been falsely informed. The fallible assertion of the sovereign pontiff, whom good Catholics believe to be infallible, must either test their faith in his judgment or do wrongful mischief to the theatre.

The insatiable archer marked another victim in our band last week. The sudden death of Charles Carroll, THE DRAMATIC MIRROR's valued musical critic, again shed a gloom over the office. Mr. Carroll's illness, like that of Mrs. Fiske, was brief. He took a cold, which speedily developed into pneumonia, and within five days death came.

Mr. Carroll was a man of splendid attainments—a scholar, wit and gentleman. His

style was keen and graceful. As a writer on musical topics he had no superior, for he combined with a thorough technical knowledge of the subject the utmost truth and felicity of expression. His *vers de société* was always in demand by the higher class of magazines, for it was always rhythmic, facile and dainty.

Mr. Carroll sedulously avoided meeting the artists he was called upon to criticize. He believed that absolute impartiality required absolute strangership. He was the soul of honor, the prince of wags, the centre of any intellectual circle in which he might happen to be. May his long sleep be sweet and peaceful!

SAID PASHA'S BRILLIANT RUN

W. A. Thompson, manager of Said Pasha, was in the city the other day, on matters connected with the two weeks' engagement of his company at the Star on Monday next.

"Our four weeks' engagement at the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia, was most successful," said Mr. Thompson to a MIRROR representative, "and the last week was a veritable triumph in more ways than one. The demand for seats was so great that we were compelled to give an extra matinee on Friday. To this we invited the McCaull Opera company, the London Gaiety company and all other professionals in the city, and yet in spite of that our share on that matinee was \$1,131.

"After the second act of the opera Fred Leslie wrote a personal letter to Mr. Stahl, asking for the privilege of giving the 'Sunshine Sextette' in the new burlesque of Ruy Blas, with which the Gaiety company open when they return to London. He also stated that the music of the opera was the catchiest and the prettiest that he had ever heard. Mlle. Zélie De Lussan also saw the production and afterwards sent me an open letter, saying that the opera was charming and, in her opinion, would surely meet with success everywhere. One of the most convincing evidences of the success of the production is the fact that T. F. Kelly, the manager of the Grand Opera House, has offered Mr. Kreling, the owner of the opera, his check for \$20,000 for the work.

"At the closing performance on Saturday night the house was so crowded at ten minutes of eight that people were turned away, despite the fact that the house holds 3,200, and before we left on Saturday night a contract was closed between Mr. Kreling and Mr. Kelly, by which the company return to Philadelphia on May 13 for a season of fourteen weeks. We play through the South this week, and come in to this city next week to prepare for the opening at the Star. The attraction will be finely billed on the road next season. We have contracted with the Central Lithograph Company for \$6,100 worth of printing. W. W. Randall is booking the attraction. He is receiving more offers of time than he can possibly fill."

MRS. RICHARD MARSTON'S DEATH.

Caroline Maude Marston, wife of Richard Marston, the scenic artist, who died on Tuesday of last week of acute pneumonia, was a native of London, England, and was the daughter of Charles Foster, a portrait painter of eminence, who was the inventor of the system of moist water colors which has been such a boon to the artistic world, and from the commercial development of which the firms of Windsor and Newton and Rowney and Co. have reaped colossal fortunes.

Mrs. Marston was forty-eight years of age, and had been married about twenty-six years. In her early days she was a member of the theatrical profession, and first met her husband while playing at Nye Chart's Theatre in Brighton, England, at the time that he was painting there. She afterward was in Dion Boucicault's company in London. She was also in the original Black Crook production, being an admirable dancer. For many years past, however, the prosperity of her husband has placed her above the necessity of any occupation, and she has devoted a remarkable amount of business talent to the management of her husband's property, the performance of kindly acts toward her friends, and above all the protection of animals from cruelty. No one was better known than she in Mr. Bergh's Society, for she was fearless in defending helpless creatures from brutality. She was singularly fond of animals, and succeeded in imparting a certain training to a pet tortoise which would toilingly crawl after her like a dog. The tame creature accompanied her in her European travels, and since her death it has wandered about seemingly in search of her, while her jackdaw, the liveliest of its kind, has moped in its cage. One of her last expressed wishes was that the sum of five dollars yearly should be paid in her memory to the Actors' Fund.

Choral funeral services were performed on Friday last by the Rev. Dr. Houghton at the Little Church Around the Corner in accordance with a desire of many years' standing that she might be buried from a church which always reminded her of early days and of England.

The pall-bearers were Henry E. Hoyt, Philip Abrahams, Charles Witham and Sydney Chidley. Among the other friends present were A. M. Palmer, Henry Jarrett, Harrison Grey Fiske, James Collier, Ben Teal, J. H. Stoddard, George Heinemann, Frederick Robinson, Harry Lee, Thomas Weston, Harley Merry, T. H. Winnett, Matthew Lynch, George Henry, William Henry, Frederick Dorrington, John Moye, Mr. Henley, Mrs. Horand, Ernest Eblé, Grover Stockley, Mrs. Chidley, Miss Chidley, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Merry, Mrs. Theall, Mrs. Goodman, the Misses Hawley, Mr. Dierbrow, Miss Louisa Dierbrow, of Brooklyn; Mrs. Hetherington and Miss Mary Hetherington, of Staten Island, and Miss McMurray.

A number of very handsome floral tributes were sent by various friends. The remains were taken to Evergreens, where they will repose until their removal to England in May next.

HOODMAN BLIND COMPANY SAFE.

The Hoodman Blind company which opened at Jacobs and Proctor's Opera House, at Hartford on Monday night last, may justly feel that they were protected by a special providence in not finding accommodation at the ill-fated Park Central Hotel, destroyed in the terrible calamity of last Monday morning. It is said that the advance agent applied for accommodations for the company at the Park Central Hotel, but rooms were not to be had for the week as they had been previously engaged by visiting legislators. The report that any members of the Hoodman Blind company are among the missing is authoritatively denied by Business Manager E. P. Monroe, who sent the following despatch to THE DRAMATIC MIRROR: "None of the Hoodman Blind company was injured in the Park Central Hotel disaster as has been erroneously reported."

RECENT ENGAGEMENTS.

Charles Bell has been engaged for the Eastern Jim the Penman company; Grace Chase for Vernona Jarbeau; Al Follin for Herne's Drifting Apart; Helen Fox for the Twelve Temptations; Mrs. Frank A. Tannehill for Jed Prouty; Laura Dinsmore, Annie Haines, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Forrester, Bassett Willard, Eugene Bertram, Harry Tansey, Walter Osmond and Hubert Sackett for the Main Line company, which opens its season in Philadelphia on March 4; Pet Jordan for Charles R. Gardiner's Fate; Atkins Lawrence and Mrs. Charles Edmund for Kralffy's Black Crook; Tillie McHenry, Lillian Owen, Mary Lauman, Helen Windsor, Henry Holland, Harry Vaughan, Frank Wise, Harold Hartzell, William Robinson and Oliver Jenkins for Conquest and Pettitt's new play, Sins of a Day, to be produced at Forepaugh's Theatre, Philadelphia, next Monday night; Charles B. Welles, David Murray, Alf. Beverly, Dyke Burke, Carl Smith, Helen Beaumont, Ollie Stoddard and Ollie Craig for J. K. Tillotson's new play, Two Lives, in which M. and Granger will star, opening at Niblo's Garden on March 4, under the management of Sam Alexander; Louise Balfé, Ethel Greybrooke, Edmund Lyons, Marie Carlyle, Ada Penfield and Harold Hartsell for J. K. Emmett's new play, Uncle Joe, to be produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in April; Stella Teuton for The Wife Co.; Nanette Comstock, Robert Wilson, Thomas H. Burns, Harry Eversfield and John T. Craven for A Gold Mine at the Fifth Avenue Theatre; Isabelle Coe, Kate Uart, W. J. Humphreys and Jesse Jenkins for A Midnight Bell; W. H. Thompson for the Robert Elmore company.

THE BLACK FLAG UNFURLED.

Once more the pirates! On January 29 Riley's Theatre company produced Lynwood at the opera house at Muncie, Ind. At Woodland, Cal., the week of the 25th ult., the George Woodthorpe company played a repertoire of stolen plays, including The Two Orphans, Among the Pines, Poor Joe, M'iss and Alike. They are now making a tour of Nevada, playing week stands at Reno, Carson City and Virginia City. Newton Chisnell sends the bill of the All Star Theatre company, which played a repertoire of pirated pieces at Lincoln, Neb. The bill in question is of the Country Girl, or Caprice.

A correspondent sends us the programmes of the Bijou Theatre company, supporting Ada Scott, which is playing through the Southern part of Pennsylvania. The repertoire includes Caprice, Editha's Burglar and Infatuation, while bills are sent of Van, the Virginian, Hazel Kirke, and "Our" Night Off, evidently A Night Off. A letter states that Fate is being rehearsed.

DENNIS JONES-FOSTER, advance agent of MacDonough's Siberia company, sends the following communication from Winfield, Kas.: "The Andrews' Opera company (one George Andrews, proprietor) is having a jolly time of it presenting stolen fruit to the public. I picked up the enclosed announcement of Erminie at Hutchinson, Kas. They play there Feb. 13. They hail from McPherson, Kas., and are working West. Death to the pirates!"

A subscriber to THE DRAMATIC MIRROR from Alexandria, Va., writes under date of 17: "Seeing your good work on stolen plays, and also taking an interest in the same, I write now to inform you that the Lillian Kennedy company, which played here this last week, are playing Annie Pixley's M'iss under the name Clipp, a Western drama. Having seen Miss Pixley three times in M'iss I can affirm that Clipp is her play. Miss Kennedy also played Mugg's Friday night, and I was told by a friend who had seen Frances Bishop in the play, Mugg's Landing, that it was the same piece."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

JUST CONSIDER THE SOURCE.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Feb. 11, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR—Will you allow me the use of your columns to protest against the wholesale abuse and slanderous attacks that are continually cast on the members of the theatrical profession? I send you a copy of a paragraph in yesterday's Philadelphia Sunday Item, taken from its theatrical columns:

"Lewis Mitchell, of the John W. Norton company, found a pocketbook containing fifty dollars in the Ashland House, Lexington, Ky., and returned it to the owner. He will never make an actor."

Has a paper that owes much to the profession a right to assert that to make an actor it is necessary to be a dishonest man, to be a criminal and beyond the pale of the law?

The public and the press take no note of these attacks, and I think the members of the profession should take up the matter in their own defence. What right has a newspaper to dig up an actor's private affairs—if they are not illegal—or, as in the quoted article, make direct charges against all of us?

Many persons, without the means of knowing otherwise, from reading such sentences will believe actors and actresses are unsafe persons to associate with. I would like to know your opinion of such an article. Respectfully, ALEXANDER FISHER.

MR. BELLER'S PEASANT DRESS.

PALMER'S THEATRE, Feb. 13, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR—In an article on "Ancestral Anachronisms" the writer, among other statements, says: "Only last season Kyrie Beller played the gardener's son in The Lady of Lyons in a magnificent crimson satin holiday suit of a Spanish 'majó'."

Kyrie Beller did nothing of the sort. He wore a dress made from the pattern of a Brittany peasant of the present day, only in dark red instead of blue. It can be seen during Mrs. Potter's engagement at the Grand Opera House next week.

Yours while, KYRIE BELLER.

MR. ARTHUR MAKES A REJOINER.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 15, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

DEAR SIR—I would say, in reply to Mr. Campbell's card in your last issue, that the "shoe" evidently "fits him," as he is the first and only Campbell who boots quickly up to refute a charge which (unless he be the guilty Campbell) he had no reason to assume "pointed his way." He admits the excellence of my production, though he says he has "never seen it." Rodents, Rodents! Evidently he is one who believes everything that is told him.

Now I have not, nor do I yet accuse him of anything. Nor do I propose to storm any barns in his section. But should the gentleman ever visit the United States with his "original and local" play, I shall take pains to witness the workings of his so-called "Winnipeg Fire Department."

Truly yours, JOSEPH ARTHUR.

PORTLAND'S NEW THEATRE.

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 6, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

DEAR SIR—Yours issue of Feb. 4 just at hand, and I notice a statement regarding a new theatre in Portland. The statement is true as far as a new theatre is concerned, but your informant has made a mistake in the name of the lessee and manager. I have arranged for a new Grand Opera House, to be built on the Marquam Block, opposite the New Hotel, the investment including business property amounting to \$200,000. Col. J. M. Wood is now drawing the plans, and the house will be finished early this Autumn. I assure you there is no other theatres even projected. Yours respectfully, J. P. HOWE.

MRS. POTTER CHAMPIONED.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Feb. 1, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR—I am a constant reader of your paper, which reaches us "even in this wild West," as some people term places west of the Rockies, and I have been very much amused by the letters and articles written, no doubt, by experienced people, about Mrs. Potter's Cleopatra. They style it an indecency, etc., and nearly every week there comes a letter from some saint (or reformed sinner), a letter in which he or she grieves to see such a play on the stage, and ends with "May our sweet America be saved from the sabbat depravity of all Antonys and Cleopatras."

What beast! In my opinion, humble as it may be, the stage is not as corrupt as it was years ago and whatever is presented now does a great deal of good, even if the players seem a bit nude. There is no shame in that; or if some people think so it only tends to show how stilted their ideas must be.

If a play is indecent only a certain class of people would flock to see it, and this cannot be said of the populace who visit Palmer's, as I understand the "cream of society" is always to be found there. As Miss Thomas says in her last paragraph, "the dressing is true," etc., she is probably disgusted with the apparent carelessness of dress. When Irving produced Faust with his Ceres from Hell on the stage, did Miss Thomas write about their costumes? Did anybody say whether it was right or wrong, or decent, to see Faust surrounded by beautiful nymphs, lightly dressed, and really, if possible, nude than any of the performers at Palmer's? No! Nobody dared. It was put on by Irving; therefore it was all right. But Mrs. Potter!

Now what is the difference? It is this: Irving is English, and one of the shining stars of the stage. Mrs. Potter is American, a hard-working actress, who is scoffed at and who I hope will one day be far above the cruel and unjust criticism which is now being hurled at her. Yours in sincerity, ALEC. WILDERFORCE.

HOW'S THIS, MANAGER FRENCH?

NEW YORK, Feb. 16, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR—It is high time that some one opened fire upon the management of the Grand Opera House for the extreme privileges their ticket speculators are given. They may call the business legitimate, but I, with hundreds of others, call it just what it really is—swindling; and hundreds join me in a feeling of righteous indignation when crowds of people are turned away from the box-office with "standing room only" spoken in the blindest tones imaginable, to be picked up by "choice seats in the orchestra circle, one dollar."

Do not for a moment think that every woman in New York will submit to this coercive policy, for I assure you there are many who do not in the least mind passing by these manifestations with a look of contempt. But others turn to their companions with a genuine catch-me-if-I-fall gasp—"No seats? What shall we do?" Up steps the T. S. and for the sum of two or more dollars, as the case may require, relieves the nervous tension. Oh, how kind of him!

There are swindlers who command a certain degree of admiration for their shrewdness, but when two or three men stand within three feet of a box-office with a hundred or more tickets in their hands, calling, "Choice seats in the orchestra circle, one dollar," it savors pretty strongly of open-handed trickery, and reflects disgrace upon the management that will allow it. SALLIE DARE.

AT THE THEATRES.

STAR.—THE STOWAWAY.

The Stowaway commenced a week's engagement at the Star Theatre on last Monday evening when a large audience was present, the gallery being packed. A few changes have occurred since this melodrama was seen at Niblo's. Joseph Slaytor now takes the part of Tom Inglis and William Lee plays Job Hickey, both doing good work. Harry Hawk and Marion Elmore made hits, while Mark Lynch and Helen Weathersby left nothing to be desired. The yacht scene shows one of the rocky inlets which mark the character of the Western coast of Scotland and which, while very dangerous in stormy weather, yet for yachting purposes form a series of natural breakwaters and afford safe anchorages. As the curtain rises a yacht thirty-five feet long, built as an exact imitation of a real yacht with real sails and all the proper rig and fittings, is seen apparently coming toward the spectator, the anchor is cast, the sails are lowered and she answers to the anchor, swinging slowly round until she is broadside, when the action of the play begins upon her deck. The setting sun is visible in the distance. The waters are painted on a slope rising gradually upward from the footlights to the horizon line at the rear, so that the vessel appears to be actually afloat viewed from any part of the theatre. The scene was conceived, designed and modeled by Richard Marston and painted by Charles Wiltam. The yacht was built by George Henry, the property master of Madison Square Theatre, and the mechanism executed by Matthew Lynch. The cost of the scene was about \$1,500 and its preparation was superintended by Richard Marston. This scene was very much admired. Said Pasha will receive its initial production here next week.

FIFTH AVENUE.—LADY CLANCARTY.

Mrs. Langtry opened the seventh week of her season with Tom Taylor's *Lady Clancarty*. A large audience was in attendance. The leading role of Lady Clancarty was played by Mrs. Langtry with a cold, calculating kind of passionless correctness that failed to give any color to the drama. In the appeal to the King in the fourth act she showed some fervid elocution, but in its entirety her acting, or rather the absence of acting, was disappointing. Charles Coghlan's Donough McCarty was spiritless, inconsistent and undignified. John Malone played Lord Spencer with an absolute lack of aristocratic bearing and dignity, and slouched about the stage in a manner but little calculated to give any idea of a Minister of State or of an hereditary nobleman, and his walk and attitudes were rather those of a Platt-deutscher grocer out on a Sunday holiday. Hattie Russell played Lady Betty Noel brightly and sprightly. As to the rest of the company they were entitled to such praise as belongs to a company of walking gentlemen and ladies not over letter-perfect, and who appeared to be playing without any particular heart in the business they had on hand. The scenery was very queer with the exception of the prison scene, and appeared to be the production of one of the cheap scenery factories now springing up in this country.

FOURTEENTH STREET.—LE VOYAGE EN SUISSE.

The Hanlon's pantomime comedy, *Le Voyage en Suisse*, opened a two weeks' engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on last Monday night. The audience was large and seemed to relish the pleasing "home-play" with as great avidity as did the first-nighters several years ago at the initial production. Since that time there have been many changes in the construction of the piece. But it is still given with a breezy animation that renders the play popular and a welcome annual visitor to this city. The cast includes Edward Hanlon, Thomas W. Ryley, R. J. Dunstan, Eugene O'Rourke, Will A. Paul, John S. Brinsley, Charles F. Walton, Henri Conradi, Harry Hughes, Emily Bancher and Frances Clifford.

THALIA.—STREETS OF NEW YORK.

The Thalia was packed on Monday, when Frank Kilday as Tom Badger, in *The Streets of New York*, received a demonstrative but hearty welcome. So much has been written about this play that little remains to be said. The company, which is a strong one, did their work excellently, and the scenery was good. N. S. Wood in *The Waifs of New York* next week.

BIJOU.—ZIG-ZAG.

W. W. Tillotson's *Zig-Zag* began a two weeks' engagement at the Bijou on last Monday night. The house was literally packed to the doors. The company is about the same as when last seen in this city, a few unimportant changes only having been made. The piece ran briskly and served to keep the audience in a continuous roar of laughter. Anna Boyd, Gertrude Hoyt, Alfred C. Wheeler, Joseph Ott, Samuel Reed, Fred E. Queen, Charles Wayne and James Tierney were all clever and amusing.

WINDSOR.—TROUBADOURS.

"Gaily the Troubadours" (Salsbury's)

danced and sang on Monday night last to a large audience at the Windsor, where they presented *Three of a Kind*. The stars of this company—Nellie McHenry, John Webster and Frank Blair—are well known to the East-siders, and were heartily welcomed. The balance of the cast proved acceptable, and the setting was good.

THIRD AVENUE.—N. S. WOOD.

N. S. Wood opened in *The Waifs of New York* on Monday night last to a crowded house, whose approval of Willie Rufus' many heroic actions and speeches could be heard on the next block. The company, which included G. W. Thompson, George Morton, George Heath, Ada Morton and Nellie Maskehl, were acceptable. Next week Fanny Louise Buckingham in *Mazeppa*.

GRAND.—TWIST AXE AND CROWN.

The inclemency of the weather did not seem to deter a very large gathering to witness Mrs. Potter in Tom Taylor's play, *Twist Axe and Crown*. Mrs. Potter was accompanied by the same company that played with her at Palmer's. Quite a number of them were afflicted with colds and sore throats, especially His Excellency, the Spanish envoy, Mr. Robertson. The audience, rather cool at the beginning, became quite demonstrative toward the last acts, and bestowed a large amount of applause indiscriminately. The principals were called smiling and bowing before the curtain after the third and fourth acts, and the audience departed contented with the triumph of "Good Queen Bess" and the lovely dresses of Mrs. Potter.

AT OTHER HOUSES.

The present is the last week of *The Pearl of Pekin* at the Standard Theatre. The Gaiety Burlesque company follows on next Monday night with *Esmeralda*, which has had a successful tour on the road.

At Niblo's the *Water Queen* continues to attract the lovers of spectacular display, and it must not be denied that the class is a large one. The spectacle will be continued this and next week.

The 100th representation of *Sweet Lavender* was given at the Lyceum on Monday night to a packed house, not an unimportant feature of the evening being the distribution of some of the prettiest souvenirs ever given away in this city. These consisted of dainty little silk lavender bags, perfumed, with the words "Sweet Lavender" painted in oil.

At Dockstader's, where Kellar continues to give his interesting exhibitions of magic, good houses remain the order of the day. A new attraction was to have been presented on Monday night, but postponement was necessary on account of delay in its preparation.

Nadiv is nearing its 200th performance at the Casino and there is little prospect of any new opera being produced there until that event has been passed, if the large audiences that assemble to listen to the tuneful opera are to be taken into consideration.

There is little need of comment on *The Old Homestead* at the Academy. The theatre is filled nightly.

Harry Kennedy, Lester and Allen, the genial Tony Pastor, and a host of other vaudeville artists provided a pleasant evening's entertainment at Tony Pastor's cosy little theatre on Monday night, and the large audience present appreciated the efforts made in their behalf.

Captain Swift at the Madison Square is an excellent play, excellently acted at a theatre where everything possible is done for the comfort of the playgoer. It is little wonder, therefore, that the houses are good, and that the prospects of change are very remote.

Edward Harrigan reveals his versatility in *Pete* since he doubled the roles of Pete and Alderman Brannigan even more than he did in *Waddy Goggin*, and the ability and hard work of the actor are appreciated. Although *The O'Reagans* is in active rehearsal it will not be put on for some time.

Of Little Lord Fauntleroy, at the Broadway, it can only be said that the houses are of uniformly large size at night, and that the matinees are overcrowded. The play is one essentially pleasing to ladies and children, and of its money-making qualities there can be only one opinion.

THE NEW UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

The reconstructed Union Square Theatre will open its regular season on Feb. 28, a week from to-morrow (Thursday) and a year from the date of its almost total destruction by fire. Helen Barry, in *A Woman's Strategem*, will be the opening attraction. The building is said to be absolutely fireproof, having been constructed of brick and iron throughout. The only wood used is where it has been indispensable, namely, in the construction of the three floors and a portion of the stage. A patent process has rendered this wood non-combustible. The roof is entirely of iron and slate, with the exception of the skylights, while the lobbies, the floors and the entire length of each side of the stage are of heavy iron girders, with brick arches between.

Directly under the auditorium are the

dressing-rooms, which have also been made fireproof, the partitions and ceilings being of brick and the floors of concrete. Massive iron doors lead from the stage through the lower boxes, to the auditorium. The main foyer of the house is handsomely embellished and a separate entrance leads to the gallery. A sumptuous ladies' parlor is on the right of the parquet, on each side of which are three extra exits.

Rich carpets adorn the parquet, while the 404 chairs on this floor are of the latest and most improved pattern, twenty-one inches in width and upholstered in expensive silk plush. The orchestra is to be placed under the stage, and will be separated from the back of the stage by a brick wall, the entrances being guarded by heavy iron doors. The balcony has a seating capacity of 400, the chairs here also being of the latest design and richly upholstered. Adequate waiting rooms are also on this floor. The proscenium wall extends from the cellar above the roof, and is of solid masonry, the stage opening being 30x32 feet.

No expense has been spared in the decoration of the house, and there is little doubt that the same general expression of approval that the theatre received when it was opened before will be repeated. The interior is in the modern Italian Renaissance style. The proscenium arch is in ivory and gold, the main ceiling being painted to represent the soft morning sky in which Aurora attended by her cupids and nymphs floats dreamily. The fronts of all the boxes, the balcony and the gallery are in carved ivory and gold, the rails being in plush surmounted by nickel guard-rails.

The decorations of the lower floor are of the same nature as the others, relieved by rich designs in the Renaissance style. The hangings of the boxes are in heavy plush, the furniture being quietly unique. The drop curtain, which has been made fireproof, is the work of Phil Goatcher, and represents old tapestry. The lights are not exposed, being enclosed in baskets of prismatic jewels. In the vestibules broad belts of electric lights encircle the two large columns which uphold the ceiling. A large elliptical dome in the centre of the ceiling and a smaller one in the gallery furnish the ventilation necessary. The theatre will be heated by air taken from above ground and forced by a powerful fan over a system of steam coils through pipes and thence through registers in the walls into the house. The same apparatus will provide cold air during the hot weather. The boilers are entirely separate from the building.

Naturally much attention has been devoted to the arrangements for extinguishing fires. They consist of two lines of stand pipes on each floor with similar lines on the stage, all filled with water from a large tank provided for the purpose, and supplied by a steam pump. In addition the stage has a system of automatic sprinklers supplied by a separate tank and pumps. The lights in the auditorium will be managed entirely from the stage, while the lights of the lobbies are separately controlled. Both gas and electric lights are in every part of the house. The scenery will all be provided by Phil Goatcher.

A STATUE OF CUSHMAN.

During the past few weeks a movement started by women and entirely controlled so far by the gentler sex has been on foot in this city that the profession should take a much more lively interest in than they appear to at present. It is proposed to erect a statue to Charlotte Cushman, and the Cushman Monument Association, which has the affair in charge, has selected this great tragedienne not alone for her genius, but for her noble character, in private as well as in public life. The originator of the proposition was Kate Sanborn, the well-known writer, who has been chosen president, while the following ladies are among those selected as vice-presidents: Mary L. Booth, Harriet G. Hosmer, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Jennie Cunningham Croly, Mary Putnam Jacobi, Mrs. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood).

The list of members includes Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Mrs. James Symington, Mrs. H. H. Boyesen, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Mrs. Dr. William Tod Helmuth, Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, Benson J. Lossing, Appleton Morgan, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, Constant Mayer, George Wharton Edwards, Edgar Pawcett, Edgar Saltus, Moncure D. Conway, Mr. Montague, Charles Henry Webb, A. M. Palmer, John Bloodgood and J. S. Abecassis.

The statue will probably cost about \$10,000, and a considerable sum has been contributed. No arrangements have as yet been made regarding who the sculptor shall be. The statue will be set up most probably in Central Park or in one of the squares of this city, and will most probably be the only statue in this country erected to a woman. There is some talk of a benefit for the fund of the society. Mrs. Sherwood has promised to read and Mr. Locke to lecture in its behalf. Applications for membership must be made to the secretary, Mrs. Ingersoll Lockwood, No. 499 Fifth Avenue.

GLEANINGS.

Kellar will give a professional matinee at Dockstader's a week from to-morrow, the 29th inst.

JAMES WHEWELL BOWLING, the principal of the Yorkshire College of Music at Leeds, England, met his death while skating in Switzerland last month. Mr. Bowling was well known in this country. He was twenty-seven years of age, and was accounted one of the rising song writers in England. He was a fine musician.

A NOBLE SON will be seen at Niblo's Garden on May 6.

The pupils of the Dramatic School, of which Franklin Sargent is director, will perform in English the *Electra* of Sophocles, at the Lyceum Theatre, some afternoon about March 1. The text of the tragedy has been arranged by Henry C. de Mille, from translations by Lord Lytton, Professor Plumtree and others. Only a single scene will be used, representing a Grecian palace. The music has been composed by Laura Sedgwick Collins, and the instrumental part will be rendered by flutes and harps, the nearest approach to the "Dorian lutes and soft recorders" of ancient Greece. David Belasco is directing the rehearsals.

HARRY MINER has made arrangements by which he will manage the tour of William Terriss and Jessie Milward in the *Parisian* success, *Roger L'Honte*, and assumes absolute control of the American season. The play will be produced at Niblo's Garden on Oct. 7, next, and subsequently tours the principal cities.

T. H. WINNETT has arranged with Rich and Harris, of Boston, for the appearance of Charles E. Verner at the Hollis Street Theatre in September next.

A very pretty theatrical advertisement is the neat little circular issued by the Fifth Avenue Theatre management and Nat Goodwin announcing the first production at that house on March 4 of *A Gold Mine*. It is printed in gold on colored glazed paper and is very unique.

The season of *A Possible Case* company closes on Saturday night.

GEORGE H. ADAMS and Toma Hanlon, in *He, She, Him and Her*, play Henderson's Academy of Music, Jersey City; Col. Sinn's Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and the Globe Theatre, Boston, during March.

The four little Boston boys, comprising the juvenile quartette of Atkinson's Peck's Bad Boy company, were given a treat by Manager Harry T. Wilson while they were playing at Indianapolis last week. Mr. Wilson succeeded in making arrangements with President-elect Harrison to give them an audience, and the boys drove up to his residence in a carriage drawn by four white horses. Mr. Harrison met them with as much courtesy as if they were distinguished diplomats, and after affably shaking them all by the hand introduced them to the members of his household. The boys sang four selections which were liberally applauded. Mr. Harrison then showed his little guests a collection of canes, banners, and other presents which he had received since the election. He thanked the boys for their visit. The lads were delighted with their reception, despite the fact that they claimed to be Democrats.

It has been an open secret for the past week or two that somewhat strained relations have existed between David Henderson, the manager of the Chicago Opera House, and Alfred Thompson, the author, costumer and general director of the burlesques which have been the Summer attraction at that house. The new burlesque for next Summer will be that of *Barbe Bleue*, and negotiations have been begun with Richard Barker, the English manager, who staged *The Yeomen of the Guard* at the Casino to put the burlesque on in Chicago. As Mr. Thompson has a three years' contract with Mr. Henderson it is not likely that the affair will end without litigation, though there is talk of a compromise.

NADIV continues to play to big business at the Casino, and it is hardly likely that a new opera will be put on for several months.

SAC. PARAGUINI will sail for England on Saturday next.

FANNY DAVENPORT is reported to have made a pronounced success in *La Tosca* in Chicago.

The annual benefit to Harry Sanderson, the popular manager of Tony Pastor's Theatre, will take place at that house on Thursday, March 21.

EMILY SOLDENE, who has just arrived from Europe, has brought with her the American rights of *La Portense de Pain*, the new melodrama produced at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris. This play scored a great success there. Miss Soldene's business has been placed in the hands of Gustave Frohman.

W. J. SCANLAN played at the Academy of Music, Jersey City, to the largest business done there this season, the Saturday attendance, despite the rain, was the largest ever in that theatre. Both Mr. Scanlan and Mr. Pitou, his manager, are beginning to realize that Myles Aaron is a pronounced success.

The work of altering the front of Klaw and Erlanger's new Theatrical Exchange, No. 25 West Thirtieth Street, will begin this week.

TONY PASTOR's road company, which will be the strongest variety organization he has ever had, will begin its season of eleven weeks at his own theatre on March 25. The company will be composed of both American and English artists, and after a short rest in July will start out on another tour in the Fall.

JOHN A. STEVENS is testing this week. On next Monday evening he will be seen at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, in *A Mask of Life*.

MARY W. HANLEY is arranging a New England trip for Harrigan's Park Theatre company to follow its Brooklyn engagement. They will visit Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, Providence and Boston.

DEATH OF CHARLES CARROLL.

Within two weeks two brilliant writers on the staff of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR have been removed by death. Scarcely had the funeral notes died away over the casket of Mary H. Pike when news came to the office that Prof. Charles Carroll, the musical critic of this paper, was stricken down with pneumonia. His system was not strong enough to resist the disease, and he succumbed to it on Friday evening, Feb. 15.

Prof. Carroll was born in Baltimore in 1832, and came of staunch New England stock. After obtaining the usual private school education of the place, he had begun a course of commercial training in his father's office when the removal of the family to Cambridge, Mass., caused him to enter Harvard College in 1849. Graduating with the honors of a valedictorian in '53 he passed a year in private instruction and afterward spent two years in study at the German universities and in continental travel. In 1856 Mr. Carroll began a course of journalism and law study in New York, but left this city in '58 and took up his work as a teacher in the Boston public schools in 1859, in which year he married. In 1866, in consequence of failing health, he went to Europe and passed four years in travel, study and private instruction, returning to New York in 1870 and again setting about his old profession of journalism. In 1871 he took the chair of modern languages in the University of the City of New York, which he has since occupied, while journalism and magazine writing continued to be a collateral avocation which he had never been willing entirely to abandon.

He wrote frequently for the best magazines and weekly and daily journals, sometimes on the staff and sometimes as a contributor. His stories, verses and essays and criticisms have appeared in *Harper's*, the *Century*, *Scribner's*, the *Galaxy*, and the *Post*, *Times* and *Sun*.

Since 1886 Mr. Carroll has conducted the musical criticisms of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR. He had previously been engaged in similar work for several daily papers. He was not only a most competent critic, but his style was invariably attractive, and caused his articles to be widely read. He had the history of operatic performances in New York at his fingers' ends, and had heard all the principal singers and instrumental performers that had appeared in the metropolis for the past generation. In this respect he had few competitors, and his keen judgment in matters of musical criticisms was of a very high order. As a writer, Prof. Carroll was unquestionably brilliant. His scholarly erudition was supplemented by a bright fancy and sprightly temperament that combined to give him a most enviable literary style. His vocabulary was quite extensive, and his phraseology effective and graceful. He was an inveterate and accomplished punster, and the practice which Dr. Johnson despised found in him a stalwart defender. The verbal convulsions and clever sayings attributed to "The Sage," which were quoted from time to time in THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, emanated from Prof. Carroll. He was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, and possessed a thorough knowledge of French, German and Italian. His knowledge of foreign languages made his services as a translator in frequent demand by American publishers.

Prof. Carroll leaves two daughters one of whom is in Germany. The relatives, including his brother and a married sister, Mrs. E. A. Caswell, acquiesced in the wishes of the Faculty and students of the New York University to have the funeral services held in the college chapel on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 17.

At 3:30 the funeral cortege arrived at the University. The casket was escorted to the chapel by the pall-bearers, composed of these professors of the Faculty of Arts and Science: John J. Stevenson, Ph. D.; Daniel W. Herding, C. E.; Albert Horatio Gallatin, A. M.; M. D.; Charles B. Brush, C. E., M. S.; Isaac P. Russell, A. M., J. C. D., and Francis Stoddard. Harrison Grey Fiske, who was to have been one of the pallbearers, was absent through illness. The mourners were Prof. Carroll's daughter and a brother with his wife, of Newton, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Caswell, brother-in-law and sister, of this city. The chapel was thronged with students from the Arts and Science department of the University and a delegation of the professoriate of the Faculties of Law and Medicine. Among those present were Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, William A. Wheelock, Treasurer of the University; William Opdyke, of the University Council; Dr. Charles Inslie Pardee, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine; Prof. D. S. Martin, of Rutgers Female College; Edward King, Smith M. Lane, H. B. Frye, Mr. Collins and Mr. Oakley, of the Century Club; Albert Ellery Berg, Alfred Ayres and Francis Clark, of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR; H. R. Mathews, B. A., Manager of the University Glee Club; Profs. William A. Houghton, H. J. Messenger, E. A. Johnson, Vincenzo Botta and others.

The casket, covered with plain black cloth, reposed on trestles in front of the Chancel-

lor's lectern. The services were conducted by the Vice-Chancellor, Rev. Dr. Henry M. McCracken, assisted by Dr. Henry M. Baird and Dr. Howard P. Crosby. Dr. McCracken offered the prayer of invocation, and Dr. Baird read from the Scriptures. The Vice-Chancellor then delivered an address of eulogy and consolation in which he dwelt on the qualities of heart and mind that endeared the dead professor alike to his peers and pupils. Dr. Crosby offered the final prayer and benediction. Messrs. W. Seward, J. B. Brazier, H. H. Klamroth and F. A. Bartlett, of the University Glee Club, sang "Abide with Me" and "Consolation" with fine effect. Mr. T. C. McClelland presided at the organ.

After the service those present were invited to take a last look at the face of the departed. On the casket lay a beautiful wreath of white roses bound with deep purple ribbon, the memento of the students. The funeral procession then proceeded to the Grand Central Depot, the interment being at Newton, Mass.

THE FUND'S MEMBERSHIP.

It is the good fortune of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR that whatever it undertakes in behalf of the theatrical profession always meets with immediate and enthusiastic response. The recent appeal for additional members to that magnificent charity, The Actors' Fund, has proved no exception. Last week we gave a recapitulation of those who had joined the organization either as life or annual members in consequence of the appeal. This week we are pleased to chronicle that the following have duly qualified as annual members:

HEBER WOOLSEY,
J. H. RYAN,
J. H. RYAN, JR.,
SIG. PERUGINI (two years),
HARDEE KIRKLAND,
CELIE ELLIS,
J. A. WASHBURN.

Heber Woolsey writes as follows:

"Please add my name to the Actors' Fund. Regret that the enclosed is not fifty dollars. It is with sincere sorrow I think of our dear Giddy Gusher. Peace to her ashes."

The following is extracted from a communication of Celie Ellis:

"Enclosed find \$5 in cash, for which I desire to be enrolled as an annual member of the Actors' Fund. I wish you success in your renewed efforts on behalf of the Fund."

Let the good work go on! The membership can never grow too large, and we trust that some day to belong to the theatrical profession and not to the Actors' Fund will be a reproach to every actor or actress who deserves a living from the American stage.

ADVERTISEMENTS ON THE STAGE.

The progress of descent is so easy and a system of retrogression so difficult to stop when once under way, that a protest is necessary when any innovations of a downward tendency take place. This is a time when everything is looking hopeful, for the stage as an art and the honorable profession which follows it has taken high rank despite the detractors who would point the finger of scorn at the greatest boon which has ever blessed over-worked humanity. Especially is this true of this country where scores of brilliant native playwrights are producing excellent plays, and where the public taste in selection seems critically correct; when no pains are spared in the creation of elaborate and beautiful stage accessories. It therefore becomes a solemn duty for managers to shrink from all temptations to do, for the sake of slight and temporary gain, what must immediately offend a large class of patrons, and by thus lowering the stage as an arena of wit, as certainly injure its source of profit. Foremost among such artistic, or rather inartistic mistakes is the practice of making scenes the medium of ordinary trade advertisement. A great deal might be said against advertising drop curtains, but at least they are submitted to the gaze of an audience only during the suspension of the play and form no part in it. They are in one sense merely a portion of the decoration of the auditorium. Metropolitan taste has always revolted against theatrical advertisements of this character as it would against the papering of theatre walls with the advertisement sheets of daily papers, and on the same grounds in every large city where taste is critical these curtains have been "guyed" until removed. There is, however, substantial objection to the importation of advertising schemes into the very soul of a piece, and to making the accessories and even the lines of a play a boom for a cheap clothing store or a "rattling ad." for a fireproof safe store. Where is such a practice to stop? If it is admissible to build up a scene as a well-known clothing store and make the characters and business of the act a portion of the "ad." Where is the scheme to end? What is there to prevent some enterprising and wealthy soap manufacturer from having a play written all to himself—"Soapy Sam, or The Magic Melting Pot"—and have realistic representations of his soap factory and all the characters the soapy workmen? Advertisement on the stage is a poisoned stiletto which, if driven home far enough, would kill the dramatic art. Common sense would revolt against this; it is our

duty to awaken common sense to the covert danger.

THE FAT MEN'S CLUB.

A very entertaining performance of J. C. Stewart's musical comedy, *The Fat Men's Club*, was given at Yonkers, N. Y., last Wednesday evening. The cast includes the author, J. C. Stewart, supported by an excellent company of singers and comedians. The troupe of acrobatic performers were much admired. The scene of the first act is at Ballston Spa, in the drawing-room of Prof. Albert Baton's Private Musical Conservatory. The story is as follows: The professor has spent many years in the completion of an opera, giving promise of success when produced with an artist in the title role who can do justice to his work. The intended impresario's dream of a great prima donna who should startle the musical world with his grand opera seemed about realized in the person of his gifted child. An unexpected guest is introduced in the person of a gentleman who, apologizing for his appearance, explains he has sought the house when passing to escape the attentions of an irate female acquaintance. By a strange coincidence, after a momentary conversation, the professor discovers in the stranger a long-lost twin brother, Arthur Baton, from whom he has been separated some twenty years. The brothers are to go to New York for a while, and Arthur is to present Albert as an applicant for admission to the Fat Men's Club, prominent among whose members are several of the leading theatrical managers of the city. The professor's wife does not coincide with the brother's views, and acquaints Walter with the brother's intentions. He assures her he can easily circumvent them.

The brothers depart for New York. They are followed to the city by Mrs. Baton, Jemima, Walter and all the students. A day or two after the arrival of all parties the annual French masquerade ball takes place. The brothers determine to go, and Mrs. Baton's party also decide to go to the French ball. They repair to a costuming establishment unconscious of the brothers' intentions. There all parties meet, but with identities concealed they give full rein to fun-loving proclivities in which the costumer's assistant participates. While waiting in New York for a favorable answer to the brothers' application for admission to the Fat Men's Club, Walter secures a empty house and fits it up to resemble secret lodge rooms. A note is dispatched to the professor that his application has been favorably received and, without acquainting his brother, he repairs to the house, where he is subjected to every conceivable torture. He returns home almost crazed with what he has endured at the hands of the conspirators, and on arrival he is ushered into his rooms, only to find them converted by his wife, the Conservatory pupils, and the loan of a few subjects from an anatomical museum, into a veritable chamber of horrors. The professor is thunderstruck to learn the committee have arrived from the Fat Men's Club to present him for initiation. By this time he had lost all interest in the club, and all he wanted was to go back to Ballston Spa. Jemima could be married, and Mrs. Baton's triumph was afterwards more satisfactory than the production of the professor's grand opera.

HELEN DAUVRAY'S RETURN.

The graceful, petite figure of Helen Dauvray, which has again become a familiar one on Broadway, was clad in a quaint Japanese gown as she ushered a MIRROR representative into her suite of apartments at the Marlborough Hotel the other day.

"Yes, it's true that I have signed a contract for several years with Harry Miner," she began, "and I must say that I feel happy, for I want to be at work again. This time, though, I have no responsibility on my own shoulders. Mr. Miner assumes all risks in the enterprise and I have not a dollar in it. All the contracts are in his name and everything is controlled by him. My contract calls for all traveling expenses, maid, carriages, a private car in case of one-night stands, and \$400 a week and a share in the profits."

"When am I to commence? Well, Mr. Miner is thinking of a Spring season, and the question of whether we are to have one or not will be decided upon in a day or two. I am to choose my own company, and if we conclude arrangements with people with whom we are negotiating we shall have three members of the company who have starred and one who proposes starring. It is Mr. Miner's intention and my own to have the company one of the strongest on the road. The plays will include my entire repertoire produced at the Lyceum Theatre, with *One of Our Girls* as the *piece de resistance*. The other plays are *The Love Chase*, *A Scrap of Paper*, *Peg Woffington* and *Walden Lamar*. The latter was rewritten by Cazauran before he died. It is quite probable, too, that I shall try a couple of old comedies, as my greatest success seems to be in them."

"My wardrobe will be entirely new, especially for the modern plays. We shall be seen in New York for almost two months during next season, one month at a—not the—

Broadway Theatre, and the rest of the time at the Grand Opera House and the People's Theatre. The season after next we shall make a grand production in this city. In regard to recent rumors regarding *One of Our Girls* I wish you would say that that play is my property alone to do as I please. In case I do not have a Spring season I shall run down to Florida for about three weeks, then return, and in June or July I will go over to Europe for a month or so. That will be only after the company has been selected and all the arrangements made for the season and I will return in time for rehearsals."

SOME OPINIONS.

"The idea is a splendid one, and THE MIRROR has hit something that will be a great benefit to the profession. Some few weeks ago I contemplated insurance in a Hartford Insurance Association, but now it is not necessary, and I shall put a card in THE MIRROR instead." THOS. Q. SEABROOKE.

"It is a great thing, both for the paper and the profession." ALEXANDER COMSTOCK.

"A very good scheme. One of the best I ever heard of, and one of which all actors should take advantage." G. J. APPLETON.

"I think it is a splendid idea, and I'm going into it." EDWARD WARREN.

"It is a very clever scheme, and for their own sakes all actors who can spare the money should go into it." J. A. WILKES.

"A scheme that should have its reward, for the incalculable benefit it will be to the actor." JOHN B. TUFT.

"My opinion of the new scheme is that it is great, and I'm going in for it shortly." J. W. R. BINNS, late of Winter Gardens, Blackpool, England.

"It is one of the best things for the profession that could possibly have been thought of. Actors, as a rule, are not saving, and insurance is a wise provision for them. I will not deny, though, that it is a good thing for the paper, too. It has been a surprise to me that such a scheme was not thought of before. There is so much traveling done, and so much risk run, an actor's life is even more full of danger than that of a drummer. What with special trains and stumbling through dark country streets to catch the early morning train, he has much risk to run. Just as soon as I can I shall go into it." GEORGE W. WADLEIGH.

"It strikes me as being a remarkable good idea. Not alone will it be of great benefit to the profession, but it is a splendid evidence of the originality and enterprise shown in the method of conducting THE MIRROR." CHARLES T. VINCENT.

CUES.

THOMAS MEAD, of the Lyceum Theatre, London, whose death is announced by cable, was one of the oldest and best liked of the English actors. He was born at Cambridge, England, in 1819, and went on the stage in 1841. His London debut was made in 1848, at the Victoria, as Sir Giles Overreach. Still later he was the leading man at the St. James, the New Grecian, the Sadler's Wells and the Princess', and afterward leased and managed for a while the Elephant and Castle Theatre. He then went to the Lyceum, and remained there with Mr. Irving up to his death. When Irving made his American debut as Louis XI., Mr. Mead was the Francois. In all of Mr. Irving's starring tours in America he was accompanied by Mr. Mead. He was a finished and careful actor.

BILLY BIRCH's New Minstrel troupe and Tony Pastor's company combined will give the performance at Tony Pastor's Theatre next week, the entire list including, besides those mentioned, Frank Moran, James Manning, Joe Davis, Baker and Jones, Adams, Casey and Howard, James J. Fenton, the Garden City Quartette, the Specialty Four, Edwin French, the Julians, Matthews and Harris, W. H. Barber, and Nellie Harris.

On Monday the deeds of the purchase by Harry Miner of the entire Leggett and Hendrickson's estates at Redbank, N. J., were filed at Freehold in the same State.

RHEA played to nearly \$2,800 in three nights and a matinee at the Grand Opera House, Toronto, last week, opening against Albani's concert, with tickets at \$4 each. Her Beatrice in Shakespeare's comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing* is proving a strong card.

ANNE O'NEILL has been offered the leading role in the Sweet Lavender company now organizing for a thirty-five weeks' tour.

FREDERICK PAULDING will give a recital at the Metropolitan Opera House Hall on March 1, assisted by Messrs. Hasselbrink, Agramonte, Ada Ward and Herr Schmidt.

RANKIN AND MARDERS' military play, *The Skirmish Line*, is to be presented in Philadelphia in April at the Academy of Music under patronage of the Grand Army posts, many veterans assisting in illustrating it. A tour of the States will follow.

THE Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels company, which is doing the suburban towns this week, will be the attraction at the Harlem Comique during the week, beginning Feb. 24.

THE Sunday night concert by the artists of the Metropolitan Opera House on last Sunday night was so successful that it will be repeated next Sunday evening by the same artists, with Lillian Russell as an added attraction.

THE second sacred concert given at Niblo's by the Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels was even more successful than the first, that theatre having been crowded to the doors last Sunday evening. The same company will appear next Sunday in an entirely different programme.

THE ACTRESSES' CORNER.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

It usually isn't in this business, it seems to me that in no trade or profession can things be done in the slipshod, it-will-be-all-right-at-night fashion that they are here.

Contracts are not binding, so everyone seems to think—and nothing else is; besides to enforce a contract means money, and of course we never have money.

Then there is such an air of: We understand each other, old boy? At the beginning you want the engagement very much. You don't like to be "small." Things will be all right; they have said so, or they are sure to fix them up to suit you if they don't fit, later on.

The idiosyncrasy is colossal, is it not? People set cheerfully out for heaven knows where, and for heaven knows how long, and often with heaven knows whom. They get left out West or down South, or on the North Pole or in the Red Sea, and they call it hard luck and do the same thing over again.

The little omission in the contract which the management understood perfectly, dear boy! later on is a big archway through which the management drops you and all responsibility. I am not saying that rascality is more rampant here than in any other business, but human nature is just the same, and human nature in business relations requires the enforcement of black and white, and must and shall keep its strict sense of honor, real genuine strict, when the time comes.

You don't like to seem suspicious, of course, but make up your mind if writing is evaded you have cause. No point is too small to be worth understanding. Does "transportation" mean to and from the depots; it probably does not—but at least understand it. Does "soubrette" parts mean "doing the fall down the stairs in the wings, or walking lady mean playing wind and thunder when you are off the stage in the wings, and the leading lady is on the stage in a "storm."

Does "all the parts usually assigned to the position" mean the same thing to the management as it does to you? Or is playing the piano during a wait a heavy part? Does "playing all performances usually given in the place of playing" mean running in extra matinees, etc., that the management generously allow for benefits and funds and hospitals and for which you see on the bills the company has—each member—"tendered services?" Does "costumes furnished" mean that you buy shoes and stockings and gloves and, if the dress needs it, all the stuff required to make it decent, or does the management pay you for the expense of dressing the part? What does "the season" mean?—so many weeks or a period that ends whenever the management puts up a notice that he closes his season Saturday the 9th, dispenses with your services, and opens his new season Monday the 11th? Oh! my goodness!

Do they count four weeks to a month when they prove the season thirty-six or twenty weeks by saying it's from such a month to such a month, and then does holiday week and holy week come out of that, and take salary with them?

Oh! it's awful to think of these things, but it's more awful to wish you had thought of them, when it's too late.

Also, there are so many people who head a company. Miss A, the star, sees you—thus and so is settled and understood perfectly; but when you have been out a week or so Mr. B, the manager, says, "My dear young lady," they always say that when they are going to be unpleasant—"My dear young lady, you must be laboring under a mistake; besides I attend to all of Miss A's business affairs, and I assure you this is the first time I have heard of the arrangement of which you speak." Or, you first see Mr. B, the manager, and everything is lovely. Later he comes with a different face. Miss A is not accustomed; Miss A objects; he has really done the best he can, but, of course, if Miss A, etc. One always has one's redress. But one cannot always take it. Having begun the season with a company it is more satisfactory to finish with it, of course.

It is not that you want so much; simply it's a satisfaction to know just what you are to expect and to have it written down, that you may prove it if it is questioned.

Many and many a time you will yield your rights—either gracefully, feeling that after all you have, right or no right, got to yield, or graciously, because you really want to do the thing which shall please the management. To be sure, it does seem to you sometimes that the more you give up the more you have to give up, and you will be grieved to find that perhaps the one wonderful occasion upon which you stand on your rights and kick good and hard, and make people stand around and say, "She's a corker!" will gain you more courtesies and respect than a whole season of careful and uniform consideration for other people's comfort and interest ever did.

That is sad, but true. Some one said to me once, "It's hard to fight to gain a position, but it's heart-breaking to fight to keep it."

The same slipshod weakness shows in matters of understanding. Properly speaking, I believe each one is supposed to be respon-

sible for the part above them. Yet in the ordinary run of companies no one is ever prepared and if a girl be caught at study of the part above her she is made to feel somehow as if she had been guilty of trying to lame the lady-lead in order to play her part. Yet business should be business.

Money should always be counted as it is handed you—mistakes are likely to happen; yet the manager is liable to smile and say, "Oh, Miss Jones, you will find it all right," if you do. I have seen Mr. Manager jolly glad to be corrected, however, when he had let two fives stick together in Miss Jones' pocket of \$20.

Dressing-rooms should, of course, go according to position. They do not as a rule. Therefore, if you want no trouble, have it understood in writing to what room you are to be entitled, else you will be at the mercy of the caprice of the stage manager or the property boy.

It's a curious thing, too, that the man or woman who insists on having everything down in black and white at first is regarded with respect, while the unfortunate who tries through a season to recall the management to consideration of verbal promises is dubbed a crank or a kicker, and better wash your face in the fire bucket and make up among the gas pipes than get either of those names.

Then the genial manager has a genial way of saying, "Miss Jones, you attend to it and let me know the amount"—"it" being some matter of transportation for which he is responsible. When time comes you realize that that "it" will seem, or be made to seem, very small, so you never speak of it—though it's not small to you out of your \$25. Besides, there are lots of "its" in a season, and they count up more easily than does that forlorn little bank account of yours.

When contracts are made there are lots of little clauses that are put in to express a well-understood idea in the beginning, but which, later on you find, expresses equally well half a dozen different—ah! sadly and quite different ideas. I know of nothing more strangely elastic than a clause.

Again I want to say that all this does not mean people intend deliberately to cheat and deceive and get the best of you, but even the most generous and honorable management may in time of loss or pressure of some kind be pushed to take every advantage possible. They would probably respect their written word, but without that—why, how can they tell! Therefore have it all written plainly and exactly as is understood by both parties. It may stand for nothing in law and it will, of course, stand for nothing with you if the time comes to stick to the ship or see a management through a tight place; but at least you will have the satisfaction of being able to prove your statement and belief about agreement. Business should be business. You cannot, of course, make business business in this profession. It will be almost useless to try. You will be too anxious to get engagements, too eager to keep them to stand on rights always. This is only a small warning to guard you against trusting too much to chances and the management's loyalty—the same thing often.

To have a season closed way out in Australia or Zululand, and there be left, isn't funny nor calculated to advance you in any way. Arranging all your plans under the impression that you will have \$30 at your command for a season and then finding that it is made \$15 and that you can't help yourself, is equally tragic.

It's just as well to reflect upon the possibilities of things before you trust to "Dear old man, everything will be all right—you know me!" In any other profession to regard business strictly as business is only to be properly wise, not to be suspicious and small and distrustful. Why should it be so regarded in this profession of chances and changes where if anywhere business relations should be bound firm by written agreement.

Then again things sound so much bigger or smaller spoken than they prove to be.

Your management will give you \$65 a week, but your management requires you to dress so that you start in debt a good deal over a month's money; or, having cheerfully blown in your wealth on the leading juvenile part, your star suddenly decides that you must play the soubrette. "But the dresses!" "Use what you have bought." Of course, if you look a fool, you will be blamed and not him, so you protest. Then he says, "Well, d—n it, I give you a big salary, don't I?"—and there you are.

Or you get orders to have new dresses for New York or Boston or Philadelphia, or some large town. He pays you a big salary, does he not? What on earth should you do with it except spend it on the part he gives you? Business is business with a vengeance, isn't it?

Or the management requests you to go to better hotels. It does not look well if the leading people, or if all the ladies do not go to the best places; it looks as if salaries were small—he pays you well doesn't he? What on earth should you do with your money but spend it for the company!

You see the heading to my paper is wrong—business isn't business. I should get you into trouble if I advised you to try to reform this altogether for yourself. Just look out and reform it as much as you can, and in the other cases, realize the risk you take and especially if you are going far from home, be prepared to meet such emergencies as will rise when business proves itself anything in the world but business. POLLY.

Are you insured against accidents? A prepaid professional card, of ten lines or more, in THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, gives you a \$5,000 policy in the Preferred Mutual Accident Association of New York, free of cost.

LETTER TO A YOUNG ASPIRANT.

My Dear Boy:

Yours received concerning an opening or an aching void in histrionic affairs, wherein you long, as you touchingly say, and hope to wedge your six-foot-two, number ten-foot and fourteen inch collar and immediate funds.

I have looked the ground over, carefully and with much distrust. I do not know as I can give you any words of advice—in fact, advisory argument in the case of a young man erected per plan according to the general map and outline of your physical qualities, would, I fear, be considered by you as the wild, weird vagary of a man given over-much to practical jokes and horse-play. Let me tell you in the start: I am no practical joker, neither am I given to horse-play. I have some personal dislikes, and I don't care to air them now. I'll tell you all about my dislikes now; but, if you've had a common-school education and can read between the lines, you will quite plainly discern or "tumble," so to speak, to my little game.

In the first place you are handicapped by certain personal difficulties which will, I fear, stand in the way of future advancement. They will confront you like a Nemesis when you read—should you ever have the opportunity so to do—the press account of your first appearance upon any stage as Hamlet. Just look in the glass yourself and see what a nondescript sort of Hamlet you would make. Six foot two, number ten foot, fourteen-inch collar, and immediate funds.

Once there was a man which his name was Fechter. He played Hamlet in a blonde wig. Has there ever been a man since Fechter who would dare attempt to play Hamlet in a blonde wig? That man had what we call genius—something I doubt you know not of. This man Fechter also played Monte Cristo. You've read the novel so named, but I doubt if you've ever seen the romantic drama—because Fechter died before your little plaint to become an actor had its birth. Well, the blonde wig—notwithstanding its airy grotesqueness, did not prevent Fechter from presenting the most taking Hamlet I ever saw. But you should have seen him play Dantes and Cristo as I saw him years ago in Albany, N. Y., when Albaugh did Nortier. There! I seem to be going away beyond your time. I forgot. You had then just begun to assume your first pair of boots. Do you recollect those boots? They had red tops with a silver ship in full sail emblazoned upon them, and, if I mistake not, you slept one whole week with those same boots hugged tightly to your little breast. A boy's first pair of boots is a sacred subject to the era-grayed scribe, and—but you want to become an actor. Others have wanted as you now want. Some have reached the goal and some have fallen by the wayside. There are hosts of drygoods clerks, sailors, merchants, and not a few preachers, who have started out in life with a relentless desire to win histrionic fame as crooked Hamlets, buskined Caesar de Bazans, or silken-clad and mantled Richards. Freaks just now demand good wages and are all attractive men. Why not start out upon the road as a freak? But you revolt. You'll be an actor, real and genuine, or nothing. And you've got immediate funds! You were, if my memory serves me right, the mainstay of a good old farmer daddy who brought up his ten children—mostly girls—upon a pork and hominy diet. You could dig a ditch, so I've been told, with the best of the boys. As for swinging a grain cradle and spelling down the entire school you reigned supreme. Also, though it may have partly slipped my memory, you could eat more buckwheat cakes sopped in ham juice than any two men in six adjacent counties. Now, was that not fame enough for you to acquire?

But you're a big boy now and you want to become an actor. I—let me see—I've found an opening for you. (It is your little clause of immediate funds that opens my heart.) I have just finished a play. Some fellows finish plays without writing them. My play shall be such a play as you've never seen—nor anyone else. Send on your immediate funds and I'll get you up a company to star you through Iceland in the title role of Got-Thar, or The Man Who Plugged the Gas Pipe. It will fit you.

H. S. KELLER.

The season at Harrigan's Park Theatre will close on or about May 1.

GOSSIP OF THE TOWN.

It is announced that after the present season Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels will cease to exist. Carroll Johnson is now having an Irish comedy drama written for him in which he will star, while Bob Slavin is said to have signed a five years' contract with a well-known New York manager to appear in farce-comedy.

DAVID MURRAY, Stanley Macy, Miss Cogswell and several others have resigned from The Twelve Temptations company.

FLORENCE ASHBROOKE has rejoined The Twelve Temptations company.

Mrs. G. P. SHERWOOD, the wife of the head stage carpenter of the Casino, who was frightfully burned by the explosion of an oil lamp at her home a week or so ago, died of her injuries on Friday last. Mr. Sherwood himself is not yet out of danger.

T. H. WINNETT has made arrangements with Rich and Harris for the appearance of Charles E. Verner at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, early next season.

STELLA BONIFACE, Margaret Pierce and H. T. Barrymore recently joined Frederick Warde's company, which is said to have met with decidedly good business since Mr. Warde himself took the reins of management. The Mountebank, a new version of the old play of Belphegor, will be the feature of the coming engagement of Mr. Warde at the Baldwin, San Francisco.

The tenth issue of "Dramatic Notes," edited by Cecil Howard, the dramatic critic, is now in press and will soon be published by the Strand Publishing Company, 172 Strand, London. The book is said to be an even more complete record of the dramatic events of the year, and productions in London, the English provinces, France and America than on its last appearance.

THE Madison Square Theatre company will close the regular season on May 5, and then go to the Park Theatre, Boston, probably for four weeks. They will then rest. The regular season will open the latter part of September. No arrangements have as yet been made regarding the Summer occupancy of the house.

AL. KLEIN, at present with the Broadway Theatre Fauntleroy company, has signed with T. Henry French for next Summer and next season.

JAMES BARROWS has been engaged to play the Irish Sergeant in the coming production of Shenandoah.

WILLIAM GILLETTE has engaged Dorothy Dorr and Mabel Bert for forthcoming productions.

THE souvenir of the rooth performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy at the Broadway Theatre, which will take place on the evening of the 26th inst., will consist of pictures in nine colors of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Elsie Leslie, Tommy Russell and the Broadway Theatre bound together with silk ribbon.

A. M. PALMER has received the manuscript of Tares, of which he owns the American rights. The play has had a very successful production in London.

PHIL F. MCCARTHY, with C. R. Gardiner's Farmer's Daughter company, was called upon lately to play Sammy Green, at two hours' notice. He received flattering notices from the press for his work.

A. F. BRADLEY is now on the business staff of James C. Duff. He is looking after one of Mr. Duff's special interests during the latter's absence in Europe. On Mr. Duff's return Mr. Bradley will most probably have charge of one of his most important enterprises.

SAM COOPER, the young box-office attendant at Harrigan's, will attend the inauguration ceremonies at Washington on March 4, in place of absence for the occasion having been given him by Manager Hanley.

EDWARD HARRIGAN is at work on a new three-act comedy, partly local, with which he will open the new season at his house beginning the first week in September.

ACCORDING to H. C. NOXON, the assistant manager of Hammerstein's Harlem Opera House, at the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue, work is being rapidly pushed on that structure, and there is little doubt that it will open during the latter part of September. It will be a very handsome theatre. Mr. Noxon is now negotiating with several large attractions for next season and none but stars and attractions of the first-class will be booked.

It is stated that T. Henry French does not want the earth, but Frank W. Sanger refuses to credit the assertion.

SAMUEL H. FRIEDLANDER, the genial representative of Manager P. Harris, is reported to be a contributor to a number of prominent journals. The Baltimore Sunday News will shortly contain a story from his pen.

SOME startling stories of the cleverness of young John T. McKeever, the little son of Joseph McKeever, are being told by the father of the child. He is three years and five months old, and is taking violin lessons, his teacher predicting that he will be able to appear before an audience when he is five. When only two the little boy began producing musical sounds by scraping pieces of wood together and there is every indication that he will be a prodigy.

H. FLETCHER RIVERS states that the report that M. Biberan is ballet master at the Casino is incorrect, Mr. Rivers having entire charge of that department himself.

KATE FOLEY has resigned from Herne's Drifting Apart company, closing her engagement in this city on the 24th inst., after which she will be at liberty.

A HANDY and popular-priced volume of William Winter's poems has been issued by Ticknor & Company. It bears the title "Wanderers."

MADELINE LUCETTE is finishing a farce-comedy that is designed for two male stars. It will contain lyrics and music from the pen of the same writer.

HOWARD'S TALK.

RELATIONS OF THE PRESS AND THE STAGE.
HOW MANAGERS SECURE ADVERTISING
FOR A STAR. THE BOX-OFFICE SECURES A
PRESS AGENT, ADVERTISING THE HIGH-
WAY TO SUCCESS.

We hear a great deal about the relations between the press and the stage. Lecturers descend upon them, after-dinner talkers wax enthusiastic about them, and old gentlemen like Boucicault and Winter argue about them. What are they?

If there are any at all they are represented solely by dollars and cents. They are two ends to a newspaper and two ends to a theatre. The writer and the publisher represent journalism, the box-office and the stage represent the theatre. The box-office knows very well that it can secure the publication of advertisements by the payment of money, and in no other way, and the publisher of the paper means precisely what he says when he announces that his publication rates, in advertising columns, are twenty, twenty-five, thirty cents a line, and a certain grade of newspaper publishers know also that they mean precisely what they say when they announce that their rates, among reading notices, which will appear to the public as though they were news matter, or honest criticisms, are from one to five dollars a line.

A large majority of the reading public buy but one paper a day.

Newspaper men and actors buy from two to ten papers a day. The ordinary reader taking up his *Herald*, *World*, *Press*, *Tribune*, *Sun* or *Times*, sees that "Miss This has arranged with Manager That for a starring tour, during which she is to be provided with two new plays, elaborate wardrobes, a maid, a carriage, five hundred dollars a week, and a percentage of the profits, running no risk whatever, all of which is due to her transcendent beauty, her unequalled ability, her vast increasing popularity, and the critical recognition of the press of the day." This naturally produces an impression upon the mind of the reader who, in his secret soul, is glad to know of the success that attends Miss This, whose shapely foot is pressed upon the threshold only of what would seem to be a wide horizoned and glorious career. He knows the editor of the *Herald*, the *World*, the *Press*, or whatever, to be a man of intelligence, of education, of independent thought. He says, therefore, to himself, "What a genius Miss This must be. How fortunate she is." He tells his wife, he reads it to his children for their encouragement, he mentions it in social circles, and becomes an unconscious advertiser of Miss This, whom he has never seen, of whom he never before read or heard.

But how with writers and actors?

They see precisely what the ordinary reader has seen in his one paper in their ten. They find the same paragraph published in all the morning issues in those of the evening, in the weeklies, and if perchance he is where his hand can rest either in club, in hotel or in public library, upon out-of-town journals, his eye quickly detects this same glowing paragraph concerning Miss This in all the papers of the land!

What does he say?

He is very apt to swear, and to damn the newspapers which are so easily gulled by the shrewd advertising agent, the cunning press manipulator, the shrewd manager, who thus secures a boundless degree of desirable advertising for a star as yet untried, concerning whom nothing but possibilities are in hand.

The box-office is a curious institution.

The box-office of to-day is a great improvement, from the managerial point of view, over the box-office of twenty-five years ago. In those days the box-office would send down its notices, ten, twenty lines, at twelve and a half cents a line. Stars of the calibre of Barney Williams, Billy Florence, Frank Chantrel, Eddy and a score of others well known, had their regular contracts with the Sunday papers more especially, in which they were glorified at twelve cents and a half a line. But now the box-office, hiring some adept with the pen, pays him from twenty-five to a hundred dollars a week, according to his scone, and scatters widespread these amazing announcements. Sometimes it is the ordinary jog trot, a kind of condensation of the long advertisement in the Sunday newspapers, but always an ingenious bit of gossip, which, in the guise of news, they send to a hundred papers at once, knowing very well that six times in every ten they will be published precisely as furnished. The publisher was slow in getting on to this racket.

For a long time "critics" were paid to collect this precise kind of information. They were sent every week from theatre to theatre to gather such news as might be of interest to the theatre-going public. Naturally enough a man paid to go to forty or fifty places seven times a week hailed with joy the fast-growing habit of the box-offices to furnish in writing the information which he was paid to collect, and in recognition of their helpfulness he dumped the whole matter in, drawing his pay

as collector, while in fact he was simply a tube through which the matter flowed. It was an interesting query in the minds of managers how long this cast-iron business could continue, and they supposed naturally enough that as soon as the attention of newspaper conductors was drawn to the habit there would be an end, but they reckoned without counting the cost. One man, as a rule, is just as smart as another man, and publishers, finding that this matter was duplicated in every paper in the city not only, but in every paper in the country, wisely, from their point of view, concluded to dispense with the services of the collector, thereby saving a salary, and to utilize the matter as they would any other news through the regular channels of the editorial department. The consequence is that there is an unwritten, but nevertheless a distinct, understanding between the newspapers and the theatre that this matter, which in no instance is exclusive, which never is of any great importance, shall be furnished direct from the box-office to the newspaper office, and appear as original matter for the deception of the ordinary reader. It is as though the newspapers were to say to any of the great dry goods houses, "If you will advertise with us regularly we will permit you to furnish items concerning your plans, your wares, your employes."

There is another relation.

It is a relation in a double sense, because it is also represented by the dollar sign. Within five years it has become a widespread custom among impecunious journals, taken up in great degree for the first time by the *World* newspaper, to publish whatever a man may see fit to write, within the limits of propriety and decency of course, at so much a line, with the ordinary news headings, the ordinary news type, which differs, as you know, from the style used in advertisements, so that the ordinary reader is unable under any circumstances to detect the difference between an ordinary criticism of play or actor and a paid advertisement. So offensively glaring did this become that, in order to save themselves from contemptuous criticism, some of the papers resorted to devices which would not be understood by the general reader, and which would be understood only by experts in newspaper affairs. In the very smallest possible type, at the bottom of the article, would be printed "Adv.," signifying advertisement. Others credited the matter to an exchange, as though it were copied from some contemporary. The *World* prints at the bottom either a name, like Sol Pringle or Jessie May, or three little infinitesimal stars, so small, so insignificant, as was once put by a gentleman high in that enterprising concern, "that nobody would notice it." On occasions you will find whole pages, literally seven columns, of most glowing puffery concerning enterprises of various sorts and kinds, which, of course, are never read word for word by any reader, but which necessarily attract the attention of scores of thousands, and convey to them impressions which may or may not be correct, which may or may not be absolutely false. You find notices of plays, with pictures, apparently carefully conceived, well expressed criticisms, finding a little fault here or there, expressing doubt as to this or that in regard to some petty detail, but in the whole sweep and rush and flood-tide of expression a puff so startling as to impress the ordinary reader, who sees the paper alone, and who pins his faith to its expressions, believing them to be honest and well matured.

This pleases the manager of course.

It makes the box-office swell with pride. Advertising is unquestionably the highway, the straight path to success. There was never a better advertiser in the world than P. T. Barnum, than Robert Bonner. See where they are to-day. They believed in printer's ink, and they utilized it to the fullest extent, but they did it in legitimate ways. As it is with them, so it is with managers who advertise liberally, whether it be in the advertising columns proper, or in this new line, which is entirely justifiable from their point of view because it is just as likely to be done for a meritorious as for a wretched production.

But how about the actor?

If you find in your favorite paper an elaborate notice, an elaborate review of a play, in which you are acting, you naturally look for mention of yourself. You find it, you settle back to read it. A glance convinces you that it is favorable and commendatory. With firm grip upon the paper you bend your mind upon it. Your appearance is described as absolute in make-up. Your conception of the character is commended. Your elocution, your rhetorical flow, your bearing, your modulation, your emphasis, everything connected with you and your endeavor find endorsement. Naturally you are pleased. You hug yourself, you show it to your family, you put it in your scrap-book. It stimulates you to further and to nobler effort. You think of it at night, and it goes with you through the sleeping hours in your dreams. It is an epoch, and a pleasant one, in your life, until some man whom you know shows you the

three stars at the end of the article, and you find that, for purposes of his own, the genius of the box-office has paid a dollar a line or five dollars a line, to have you written up.

It is not the honest expression of any man. It is not the candid judgment of the critic. It is not even the spontaneous outburst of an enthusiastic friend. It is simply an illustration of the relations that exist between that newspaper and the stage.

And further on.

On the following Sunday your newsman leaves at your house every morning paper. On the table rest Saturday evening's papers. Having had a matinee and a night performance you had neglected to look them through. Being systematic and methodical in habit you turn over the pages of the *Mail*, the *Commercial*, the *Telegram*, the *News*, and you find in the dramatic columns, so called, a ten-line notice of the play in which you sustain a part, in the course of which you are spoken of with emphatic praise. At first you are pleased, but when you find that identical paragraph, word for word, in everyone of these papers, you throw the whole batch into the corner with ineffable disgust, and turn to your regular Sunday morning diet. To your amazement you see in the columns of the *Herald*, the *Times*, the *World*, the *Press*, the *Tribune*, the *News*, the *Sun*, the *Star*, this identical paragraph, word for word, in every one. Annoyed beyond measure at this further indication of the relations between the press and the stage, you listlessly turn the page and discover a long feuilleton, devoted, you judge from the heading, very largely to an analysis of the play in which you sustain a part.

Does it produce any impression upon you.

You bet it does.

Why?

Because there is a signature to it.

You at once jump to the conclusion that it is paid for. You may be entirely wrong. It may be an honest signature and an honest criticism and an honest expression of an honest man's view. It is all lost on you, however, and the relations between the stage and the press, so far as you as part and parcel of the stage are concerned, begin to loosen. You damn the press, you damn the writers, you damn the box-office, and you wonder very naturally whether the relations between the press and the stage are such as commend themselves to honest men. The box-office, for the sake of dollars and cents, goes to expense and trouble and bother, outworking along the line of thought and ingenuity its cunningly phrased paragraphs. And the newspapers, for the sake of dollars and cents, sells its columns, seeking to palliate its conscience and to shield itself from the assaults of a higher grade of journalism by a resort to petty devices, which once explained no longer stand between the sunlight of decency and the deep pit of prostitution.

Is this all?

By no means.

There are other relations. There are relations of teacher and pupil, of patron and of friend. They are on both sides. They take hold of hands here and there, they mean encouragement to merit, menace to fraud, on both sides. The stage helps the press, the press helps the stage, but for all that it is on the stage, as it is in journalism, and it is in journalism as it is in the great world at large, the rich are growing richer, the poor are growing poorer. The millionaire manager makes a vivid contrast to the three-dollar-and-a-half chorus girl, with her thirty weeks a year, and the millionaire proprietor of a metropolitan daily affords quite as suggestive a contrast to the twelve-dollar-a-week reporter, the poor sponge soon squeezed, the wretched orange soon sucked, the impecunious literary fellow dying in obscurity and buried by charity.

The two systems—journalism and the stage—aid each other in material advancement, making managers rich and publishers rich—but how about the actors and the writers?

POINTS.

Welcome to Hading and to Coquelin.

Thanks for a promise of Patti.

Mrs. Potter made money in Cleopatra, but

Mrs. Langtry lost in Macbeth!

Dan Frohman's plans are matured for two years ahead.

Young Mrs. Blaine visits a theatre every night.

The Players' Club House is disfigured and the neighborhood annoyed by two huge gin-mill lamps in front.

Those eighty-two Vassar girls got there just the same.

HOWARD.

MANAGER HARRIS, having secured the elegant Hennepin Avenue Opera House in Minneapolis, which was completed only six months ago, and which is reported to be one of the finest theatres in the West, can now boast of four first-class houses, all of which will be in the field next season. The theatre mentioned, the Academy of Music, Baltimore, the Bijou Theatre, Washington, and Harris' Theatre, Louisville, are the houses in question, and they will be filled with first-class attractions only.

REFLECTIONS.

BUSINESS is reported so bad in the South that the Redmond-Barry company have canceled all of their dates in that section and come direct to New York to prepare for a special production of their romantic play of *Hermione* at the Windsor Theatre, on March 11. The company will be strengthened for that engagement and the play will be given with entirely new scenery, costumes and accessories.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS played to over \$6,000 last week at Harris' Academy of Music, Baltimore.

The matinee to be given by Kellar at Dockstader's next Thursday will be strictly professional. No seats will be sold, and persons not having some clear connection with the profession will not be admitted. Applications for seats may be made by mail.

MRS. LANGTRY has decided to accept the offer made her by a London manager to appear there next season in a spectacular production of *Henry VIII*. Her present season will end about May 4, but she will not go abroad until August. Mrs. Langtry has also received offers from Australia and St. Petersburg for seasons in her entire repertoire, and it is not unlikely that she will make a tour of the world after her season in England.

The Southern trip of the He, She, Him, Her company has been very successful, and both piece and players have made a good impression, in consequence of which the time for next season is being rapidly filled. Mr. Adams has fully recovered from a lame back and is doing work as the country lad, a character he has greatly elaborated since last seen in New York. The company is playing at the Grand Opera House, New Orleans, this week.

At the close of the regular season at the Boston Museum in May Little Lord Fauntleroy will be revived to run all Summer. Mr. Field will open the next season in September with the English melodrama, *Hands Across the Sea*.

L. M. MARTELL, the stage manager of the Estelle Clayton company, has been at work all Winter on a four-act nautical drama entitled *The Boy Mail Carrier*, which he will produce in April at Danbury, Conn. The play is founded on facts, and with proper management and a strong boy star Mr. Martell believes it will be a success. Negotiations are now being carried on with A. S. Secor to furnish the printing, which will be very elaborate.

The biggest business that the Globe Theatre, Boston, has done this season was that of last week with the first production there of *The Yeomen of the Guard*. The receipts were \$12,800 and the advance sale for this week is reported to be very large.

WILLIAM R. FALLS, at present business manager for the Daly's Vacation company, and Arthur Moulton will manage a company playing the popular musical comedies in sections of the country not heretofore traversed by their present owners.

EVER since the announcement was made that Macbeth was withdrawn for the time being from the boards of the Fifth Avenue Theatre the management of that house have been receiving numerous inquiries and requests regarding it, and the result is that the tragedy will be presented all of next week, the final one of Mrs. Langtry's engagement, with the exception of the Saturday matinee, when *The Lady of Lyons* will be given.

ED. HURST has organized a concert company under the title of The Boston Ideal Concert Company, which will tour the New England circuit, opening at Amesbury, Mass., next Sunday evening.

SHAKESPEARIANA will begin in an early number a Teachers' Supplement, designed as an exchange among teachers for suggestions, opinions and experiences in imparting instruction in English literature by means of the works of Shakespeare as a text-book.

EDMUND LYONS, who will be remembered as the Bottom of the recent production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Star Theatre in this city, is directing the rehearsals of D'Ennery's romantic comedy, *The Cavalier*, in which Henry Lee and a specially selected cast will be seen at Palmer's Theatre during Inauguration week. In the original production of the piece in Chicago, Mr. Lyons played the eccentric comedy part to be played at Palmer's by Thomas Whiffen. The music for the play was composed by Max Maretzek.

All of the theatres will give special matinees on Friday (Washington's Birthday).

LENA MERVILLE did not open the performance of *Natural Gas* at the Bijou Opera House last Friday night. She was one of the passengers on an elevated railroad train delayed by an accident in Harlem. Later in the evening she appeared as usual. Al. Kline, who appears in the third act of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, was also a passenger on the train. He arrived just in time to get his cue.

The Opera House at Cape Vincent, N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire on last Friday. It was valued at \$15,000, and the loss was partially covered by insurance.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by which Mme. Patti will make her positively last farewell tour of America next season, giving thirty performances of grand opera in the United States, Canada and Mexico, beginning in this city on Dec. 5, 1890, and appearing here in Juliet or Lakmé.

Up to the present time the judgment for \$1,135.13 which Shook and Collier recovered against the English playwright, Robert Buchanan, in their suit against him for the advance money paid him for a society drama for the Union Square Theatre which they did not accept, has been worth the paper it was written on. Recently, however, it was learned that the sum of \$688 was due Mr. Buchanan as his share on the production of *Partners*, and on Saturday an order was procured requiring the playwright to show cause why a receiver of his property should not be appointed.

THE AMATEUR STAGE.

Amateur actors have undoubtedly a tendency towards the lachrymose and lugubrious, and their hearts yearn for what Nym Crinkle has styled the "carnal drama." Bright, sparkling comedy they deem beneath their efforts. To raise a laugh is no great achievement to the amateur's mind, but to make the salty tears chase one another down the cheeks and reddens the nose with the sorrowful smile is his idea of genuine dramatic triumph. Perhaps it was this fatuous sentiment that led the Amaranth Society to select My Partner for presentation at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last Wednesday evening. The play has long since ceased to be the stage sensation of the day, but in its lines humor and pathos are combined with such deftness and the story is so pathetic that it stirs the innermost feelings to an extent that, though the acting may be bad, the commiseration thus induced certainly tends to ameliorate the performance. Therefore when a play such as this one is combined with an excellent cast, a good performance is inevitable. By their masterly rendition of the play the Amaranths succeeded in putting themselves out of the mire into which two of their earlier productions this season had cast them. Frederick Saydam made his *entrée* upon the amateur stage, after an absence of eight years, as Joe Saunders, and achieved a triumph. He is endowed with a splendid physique, a fine voice and ability for repose, which altogether are assets. Mrs. Ada Woodruff gave a thoroughly admirable impersonation of the wronged woman, Mary Brandon. A. Meaford has done excellent work on the amateur stage, but he certainly outdid all his previous efforts as Wing Lee, the Chinese servant. Not for an instant did he disclose his own personality and his work cannot receive too much praise. Lucie Wallace portrayed the small part of Grace Brandon with charming simplicity. Percy Williams had his usual good quality of humor as Major Henry Britt. His local "gags" were highly appreciated by the audience. Frederick Bowne made a weak Ned Singleton. Ernest Starnes was the Josiah Scraggs. He brought home to the part all the peculiarities for which it is noted. He was fully as villainous as the author intended the character to be. Mrs. Annie L. Hyde's conception of Poole, while not in keeping with the authors, was clever and amusing. H. J. King was commendable as Sam Bowler. George Woodruff was weak in the heavy scenes of Matthew Brandon but he carried the role to a successful close. The stage was ably managed by Mr. Charles Bellows, Jr., not a hitch occurring to mar the production. The effort would have been attended with greater success had better management prevailed between the footlights and the foyer of the house. The ushers employed by the Amaranths have absolutely no knowledge of the seating facilities of the Academy and continually annoy the society's guests by their inexcusable mistakes. After seating the holders of coupons they hob up again with new directions for the moment and a general confusion ensues between the would-be-pleasant and the swell young ushers, much to the mortification of the society's guests.

On Tuesday evening of last week the La Salle Dramatic Society gave a pleasant entertainment at the Brooklyn Athenaeum. Long before 8 o'clock it was simply demonstrated that the Athenaeum would not hold all the friends of the society. The theatre was packed to the doors. Two plays were presented, and the audience testified to the appreciation of the efforts made for their amusement by frequent and hearty applause. The curtain rose on *Mind Pickles*, a farce comedy in three acts. Gregory Patti distinguished himself in this piece by his clever acting as Verlicia Pickles and Miss Rods did good work as Verlicia Pickles. The other characters were by no means slighted in the hands of Misses J. V. Clancy, J. J. Clancy, John V. Rorke, and the Misses Miriam Smithson and Jennie Dean. *Man, the Good for Nothing* followed, and Miss Rods again displayed true dramatic instinct in the title role. Joseph S. Graham, as Tom, a gardener, was equal to the part, and Gregory Patti furnished some genuine amusement as Simpson. J. V. Clancy, as the engineer, J. J. Clancy, as Charley, J. V. Rorke, as Harry, and J. J. Clancy, as himself, with credit. During the interval between the two plays, Master E. J. Cahill, twelve years old, accompanied by his younger sister, gave a violin solo, "Sounds So Joyful," from the *Sonnambula*, and responded to a well earned encore with "Believe Me if All these Endearing Young Charms." A reception followed.

The Lyceum's second performance of this season will be given at the Athenaeum, Tuesday evening, March 2. A new farce comedy, *A Glimpse of Paradise*, will be produced.

The benefit for Manager Moore of the Athenaeum will be held on March 3.

The Gilberts gave a delightful musical and instrumental concert at Aven Hall last Monday evening (Feb. 29).

There is a row on foot of the Amaranth Society that promises to disturb the usually serene atmosphere of that club. The trouble appears to be between the officers and the dramatic committee. It has already resulted in the resignation of J. J. Carroll, Thos. Baldwin and Thomas Adams, Jr., from the dramatic committee; Isaac L. Fisher, Charles Bellows, Jr., and J. W. Macully have been elected to fill their positions.

The new Jefferson Dramatic Club will hold a reception at Rivers' Academy, Brooklyn, March 1. John Hittings has retired from the directorship of the Gilberts' dramatic corps. Lack of time to attend to the duties of the office is assigned as the reason for his withdrawal.

The next Amaranth informal reception will occur Wednesday evening, Feb. 27. Mrs. and Miss Allen, Mrs. Hilly, Mr. and Mrs. Spooner, Mrs. Rorke, Mrs. Bunker, Mrs. Ella G. Greene and Mr. A. Meaford will contribute their talents to a diversified program.

The Brooklyn Dramatic Society, although in a flourishing condition, has not been true to its name so far this season. For the last six years the society has given regular dramatic performances with great success, and its shows from the amateur field has been much respected by its former patrons. However, dramatic Chairman Rods is at work reorganizing the society's corps, and when this is accomplished the Brooklyn Dramatic will be one of the Amaranths in a bright comedy-drama.

E. W. Jackson of the Gilberts, is gaining a reputation as a very capable stage manager. His work with that society this season has never been equaled in the history of the club.

The Gilberts had hoped to cast that very clever actor, Harry Graham, in their character comedy, this year, but the manager in which he still continues to figure in the daily papers will deter them from carrying out their desire.

The dramatic corps of the Amaranth consists of thirty-five people. The society has given four performances for this season and has only found one use about half that number in these productions. The corps is said to be larger than any similar organization in the world.

Miss Little Healy, a year or so ago, unheeded of in amateur circles, is fast becoming one of the brightest stars among the amateur thespians. Aside from being a clever actress she is also a vocalist of rare voice and a pianist who possesses a fine touch.

A. B. Baker, the popular and genial president of the Amaranth Society, is a prominent candidate for Public Printer. Mr. Martin has been endorsed by the New York Legislature for the position and his prospects are considered excellent.

The friends and members of the Gilbert Dramatic Club were assembled at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Wednesday the 6th inst. to witness the society's fourth performance this season. The concert attended by the club this year has been so great that the demand for tickets for their productions has been unprecedented, and even the large seating resources of the Academy have been taxed to their utmost capacity. Daddy O'Dowd, the play presented, was hardly in keeping with the good judgment usually exercised by the Gilbert dramatic committee. While the audience was pleased with the acting of individuals, it was "know-like" to the theme of the play. Daddy O'Dowd is a Boucicault drama of the Irish category, through which runs the grotesque humor and healthy sentiment peculiar to that writer. It is given up almost entirely to Irish life, interspersed with the usual sentiment of "where do you come from" and "where do you go to."

The friends of the Gilbert audience evidently had little sympathy. The production, as a whole, was by no means artistic. The casts comprised many new faces. Their acting, as a rule, was crude and unadvisable for lack of familiarity with even ordinary scenery. However, there were many clever points in the performance, which saved it from being an utter failure. John P. Dyer's portrayal of the title role was vigorous and pathetic.

He well-earned the hearty round of applause given him in the scene with his son, in which he learns that that young scoundrel has made him penniless by his speculations. Miss Jennie O'Neil Potter, a niece of the well-known actor James O'Neill, is a new star in the amateur firmament, but her work as Lady Loftin does not predict for her a bright future. She lacks physique, voice and grace, a combination the want of which is hard to overcome. James J. Byrne was the favorite of the audience, as Lord Forester, by his stately bearing and calm, clear articulation. As Tom Greenough, Thomas F. Hayden was very uneven. His costuming of the character was as grotesque as it was unique. The Mexican fashion of wearing a cintura around the waist was scarcely in vogue in the days of Daddy O'Dowd. Miss Little Healy endowed the role of Biddy with personal charm and winsomeness. Miss Little Dillon played Mrs. Dudley Flower indifferently, and Kate M. Dunleavy as Bridget O'Dowd was out of her line. George W. Coogan and William T. Harris, Jr., in the small parts of Lord Osselin and Col. Coloppy, two English chappies, were exceedingly amusing. The most trying character of the play, Percy Walsingham, in the hands of Adam Dove received a manly and finished portrayal. M. H. Lindeman sustained his reputation for eccentric character work as Ramsey Leek, a money-lender, and was ably seconded by G. H. Buerman, his partner in trade. Frank J. Gaffney was commendable as Wilson, and Edwin Harris was passable as Marty. Two little tots, Edith Knowles and Leontine Drew, appeared incidentally in the performance as farmer's children and did remarkably well. The stage settings were good, especially the villa in the first act, which was a marvel of neatness and beauty. The play was under the direction of Ernest Starnes, and E. Jacobson served in the capacity of stage manager. Indifference incident was furnished in the first act of the play that afforded the audience several minutes of fun. The juvenile man's cue to speak was a peal of thunder, but it evidently got a stage fright and didn't show up. The juvenile man looked about the stage for it but as it was *over* he called upon the stage manager to send it forth. Before that gentlemen could respond the actor anticipated it somewhat and called, "What's that?" Just then the tin sheet rattled and seemed to say, "Why, I'm old thunder, I am," and away it went without another word, making about the shortest storm on record. Though the lines called for more thunder, it never came.

Gus H. Buerman, one of the best dialect comedians among the amateurs, has resigned from the Gilberts' Society.

The Melodians will present Wallace's Governor at the Brooklyn Athenaeum on Feb. 21. The cast will include Messrs. W. P. Macfarlane, P. J. Oliver, E. D. Jacobson, Thomas C. Bell, Charles T. Catlin and Misses Ada Austin, Mamie Slost and Marie Lamb.

Miss Laura Phelps, well known in connection with the Mount Kemble Dramatic Society, has just returned from the West, where she has been studying music for the past twelve months. The amateur concert stage will know Miss Phelps no more, as she will hereafter devote her time to professional duties only.

MATTERS OF FACT.

Manager P. Harris, of the Academy of Music at Baltimore, announces that hereafter the stock free list at that house will be suspended, as there is a clause in the charter of the Academy which provides that stockholders receiving dividends shall forfeit their tickets of admission to the house.

The Music Hall at Hamilton, O., seating capacity 1,500, stage 20x30, will rent or share.

Any Amos is at liberty to accept offers for comic opera or comedy roles.

Fritz Williams is playing leading light comedy roles with the Archway Williams company as *four*.

James Hays is said to have made a success as the Baron in the *Archway Williams* company.

Fritz Stank offers his new theatre at Knoxville, Tenn., for sale. The house seats 1,000, and the city has a population of 45,000.

Fred Lenson is at liberty.

The Casino at Middletown, N. Y., seating capacity 500, will share or rent with good attractions.

The Ninth Street Theatre at Kansas City, Mo., has these open weeks for good comedy attractions: April 2-9; May 1-10.

Oscar Hammerstein's Harlem Opera House at 24th Street and Seventh Avenue in course of erection under the supervision of the architects, McElrick and Sons, will be completed early in September next. The structure will be fire-proof, with a stage 20x30 feet, seating capacity 1,500, and all the latest conveniences for the comfort of the audience. To make matters worse Mrs. Herndon was very sick and died during the week, causing Mr. Herndon to retire from the cast, which weakened the comedy element in the play. I, myself, was half sick and not able to play, and the papers cut up the play and the company.

Mr. Clime states that he advanced \$50, which is not true, as Mr. Morton, by his own published statement, brought the company to Chicago from Cleveland. The company refused to play after Wednesday night, as they saw no chance to get any salary or fare back to New York. So Mr. Morton came to the rescue, and said he would see that they should get their fares to New York if they would finish the first week out.

Mr. Clime's statement, with one or two exceptions, is entirely false from beginning to end. He has positively refused to give me a statement of the Cleveland and Chicago weeks, or what he paid out. He still holds the parts of the play, also a portion of my contract with Mr. Wilson, and all my scenery. He claims two weeks salary, although, according to his statement, he never gave me a cent in Buffalo, he agreed to assume all liabilities, which prove that I do not owe him one cent, but, on the contrary, he owes me money and put me in debt in Chicago, which caused me to be put in jail. With regard to Mr. Lawrence I can only say that he is too contemptible to think of.

As I have sacrificed my health, time and money in making the play, among the things I have received, paid as far as I know, my own obligations, and bill, with the exception of the last two weeks' salaries, which I do not owe, I ought to have a hearing through your valuable paper.

It is my intention to organize a company this week to play the piece often enough to comply with my contract with Mr. Wilson, and next season I intend to organize a strong company for week stands principally. Trusting I have not taken up too much space of your valuable paper, I am yours truly, KATHERINE COLEMAN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MISS COLEMAN EXPLAINS.

To the Editor of *The Dramatic Mirror*:
Sir.—Mr. Clime has seen fit to give his statement regarding *Among the Pines*, throwing all the blame on myself. I wish to make a clear and impartial statement of the facts. From the time Mr. Clime saw the management. It is true my losses in the New England States amounted to over \$5,000 up to Philadelphia, a period of six weeks. On Dec. 31 I went to see Mr. Randall and stated the facts, and asked him what he could do in the case, as I only had the Philadelphia date of Dec. 17 filled. His advice to me was first to secure Mr. Clime as my manager. He then said it would be impossible to book me in week stands at so short notice, but if I could stand the additional loss of two weeks in one and two night stands, he could then book me for a route of week stands in good houses and cities, from which I could draw a good profit. I stated to Mr. Randall and Mr. Clime that Mr. Willing was ready to meet any additional loss that was reasonable, as I expected to come in a lower at the end of the season. Subsequently Mr. Clime stated to Mr. Willing and myself at an interview in the Coleman House, that if Mr. Willing would deposit \$5,000 to \$5,000 for any losses during the two weeks of the one and two night stands, he would guarantee that with such a strong company and the scenery and printing we had, I should not lose a cent after we struck the week stands. Mr. Clime stated, but very bad, resulting in a loss of something over \$500 on the week. Our first week outside of Philadelphia, at one and two night stands, showed a loss of about \$500; during the second week out the loss was over \$500; during the third week out, at two and three night stands, the loss amounted to over \$500. It was three weeks after Philadelphia and not two weeks, as Mr. Clime says, when we played at our first week stand. This was the Star Theatre, at Buffalo. Our business there was something horrible, the worst week of the whole season. At the end of the week Mr. Willing became disgusted with the management, the houses and the route. He declared he would go no further, and so stepped down and out. After advertising Mr. Clime to close up and return to New York, he informed me of his decision, and took the next train for New York. I then told Mr. Clime that I could not assume the responsibility of taking the company any further, as I was financially helpless, and the outlook for good business in Cleveland was very bad, and that on account of Mr. Clime's suicidal engagement at the Columbus Theatre, Chicago, where the first \$5,000 was to be given up, I could see nothing in the engagement for me. I told him that under the circumstances I could go no further. Mr. Clime then advised me to wire Mr. Willing for funds, which I did. He replied not to depend on him, as his bank account was now overdrawn. Then Mr. Clime stated that he would assume all responsibility and relieve me from all financial obligations if I would come to let the company go on and come on with it. Under these conditions I consented, thinking that I was relieved from all trouble and bother. Until we reached Cleveland all salaries and bills were paid. I took it for granted that he intended to keep his word with me, but after Buffalo he did not give or let me see a single statement, or give me any money. I did not know how Mr. Clime got to Chicago with the company until after I arrived at Mr. Morton's. Mr. Morton informed me that he had advanced sufficient money to get the company to Chicago.

When salary day came I had the first intimation that Mr. Clime did not intend to be responsible for anything. I had to pay another \$1,000. The play was badly acted, the advertising not half attended to; every obstacle was thrown in my way to down with the confidence of Mr. Morton. To make matters worse Mrs. Herndon was very sick and died during the week, causing Mr. Herndon to retire from the cast, which weakened the comedy element in the play. I, myself, was half sick and not able to play, and the papers cut up the play and the company.

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As I have sacrificed my health, time and money in making the play, among the things I have received, paid as far as I know, my own obligations, and bill, with the exception of the last two weeks' salaries, which I do not owe, I ought to have a hearing through your valuable paper.

It is my intention to organize a company this week to play the piece often enough to comply with my contract with Mr. Wilson, and next season I intend to organize a strong company for week stands principally. Trusting I have not taken up too much space of your valuable paper, I am yours truly, KATHERINE COLEMAN.

HE HAS NO UNCLE TOM'S COMPANY.

BOSTON, Feb. 2, 1895.

To the Editor of *The Dramatic Mirror*:
DEAR SIR.—Mr. W. G. Robinson, manager of the Academy of Music, Akron, O., writes me that an Uncle Tom's Cabin company, advertised under my name, is to play at his house. Will you please inform the public that I have no connection with any Uncle Tom's Cabin company, and parties using my name at the head of such are frauds. Yours, etc., JOHN STETSON, per C.

INTER-STATE GRIEVANCE.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 9, 1895.

To the Editor of *The Dramatic Mirror*:
Sir.—While efforts are being made to keep the English actors off our shores and the best possible talent being secured to accomplish that object, managers, both local and traveling, sit down and quietly submit to as gross an injustice as was ever perpetrated on the traveling managers.

While our expenses are greater (almost double) than they were prior to the enforcement of the Interstate Commerce law, the local manager sticks to the old percentage and the traveling manager is the sufferer. If Mr. Ingersoll and a few more of the brilliant minds of the country would bring their influence to bear on the new administration in repealing this unjust Interstate Commerce law, traveling managers would be fully justified in paying more liberal salaries. While we are quietly submitting to this terrible overcharge, the railroad monopolies quietly fold their arms, as it is the work of the Commission, and so the work goes bravely on. The rich grow richer and the poor grow poorer. W. T. S.

MISS ELLIS REMEMBERS A VETERAN SOLDIER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14, 1895.

To the Editor of *The Dramatic Mirror*:
Sir.—A paragraph of a few lines in your issue of Jan. 20 told of the appeal of Col. J. H. Rice, an old-time member of the profession, for periodicals and other reading matter relating to the struggle, to be sent to him at the National Military Home, Dayton, Ohio. I sent him at once quite a bundle of papers and received in reply a charming letter from this veteran soldier and professional, speaking of the pleasure he had derived from this budget of theatrical news, of which he had until then been deprived for a long time. He says that although now wholly crippled for life, and expecting to end his remaining days in the home provided by Uncle Sam for disabled soldiers, he still has the old hunger for news of the stage and its people acquired during a connection of twenty-five years with the profession.

His thanks to me for sending the papers from which he says he made "a heavy meal." I pass on to you, as properly belonging to *THE MIRROR*, since it was the paragraph in your widely-read columns which gave your readers the opportunity of supplying Col. Rice's wants, and I feel sure you will be glad to know of the genuine pleasure he has already derived through your little act of kindness. My

copy of *THE MIRROR* will go to him regularly hereafter as soon as I've read it myself.

THE MIRROR's handsome new dress no doubt brings you such an avalanche of letters of commendation that you may be 'tired of hearing the praises of your readers, but I cannot close without thanking you for giving to the profession in America the handsomest and most complete exclusively dramatic weekly in the world. CELIE BLAIR.

DRAWING THE COLOR LINE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11, 1895.

To the Editor of *The Dramatic Mirror*:
Sir.—Will you kindly grant me the courtesy of space in your columns to protest against the unjust abridgement of the rights of a certain class of citizens by the managers of some of our theatres.

As you may know, or as you may not know, it is impossible for a colored gentleman or lady to procure a respectable seat in some of our first-class houses. And if, as is often the case, the person purchasing the tickets is fair enough to be mistaken for white, they are refused by the doorman and in many cases the holders are insulted.

Now I wish to call the attention of both the public and profession to this condition of things. It is an evil that seriously needs a remedy. When the managers are accused of discrimination on account of color they invariably reply, "We have no objection to a colored man occupying a first-class seat, if he behaves himself (a proviso always made by people troubled with color-phobia); but the public object."

It is strange the public never object to the presence of colored ladies and gentlemen in the houses managed by such humane managers as J. M. Hill, A. M. Palmer and Gilmore and Tompkins, and if so, what then? Is it not a question of civil rights after all? Are the rights of American citizens to be trampled under foot that a few unscrupulous managers may pile up dollar on top of another? Must the fruits and privileges of civil rights be sacrificed that a few Broadway cash books may burst in fullness?

If financial reasons made it expedient for a man to take leave of his conscience and discriminate against any class of citizens, there would then be the semblance of an excuse. But they do not; and managers are conscious of that fact, unless they calculate with their prejudices instead of their faculties.

Approaching a fortnight ago a colored lawyer, a graduate of Harvard, and his wife applied at the box-office of one of our first-class theatres (Daly's) for tickets. He was informed that "his tickets" were sold at the gallery entrance. Think of it, a well-to-do gentleman and member of the legal profession and of the race which has produced such an actor as Aldridge and such authors as the Dumas, refused a seat in the orchestra of a place of public amusement!

It is a burning shame that American citizens must be confronted with genealogical and ethnological questions as to their ancestry at the door of a theatre. It is an insult to both races that physical characteristics are bars of exclusion from places of amusement, and the profession of an orchestra seat is contingent upon the result of a spectrum analysis of complexion. Very respectfully, C. W. ANDERSON.

THE BEACON LIGHTS CONTROVERSY.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1895.

To the Editor of *The Dramatic Mirror*:
DEAR SIR.—In last week's issue of *THE MIRROR* there was a letter from George F. Learcock, which is gross misrepresentation of fact.

The proprietor of Beacon Lights, made Mr. Learcock manager, and while serving in that capacity he booked time in his own name, did not pay salaries or printing bills, and ran things generally in such an unsatisfactory manner that he was enjoined in Boston last April. The case was tried on its merits and decided against him.

He is indebted to the proprietor to the extent of over five thousand dollars, and his consideration for the company is all a myth. The lady in question committed the play to memory and gave it to the proprietor, as he (Learcock) refused to give up the manuscript. Hence his reason for trying to show her up in a bad light.

Kindly give above space in your valuable paper and oblige, Yours sincerely, WELLS S. FOOTE, Manager Beacon Lights.

WHAT THEY SAY.

A CLEVER TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, with its familiar heading and first-page picture, is no more. This is no obituary, however, but the record of a clever transformation scene in which the awkward sheet of old comes out in a much improved form, with sixteen pages, and more news than ever. *THE MIRROR* is to be congratulated, even if its new name, *THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR*, is a trifle long drawn out.

THE LEADING THEATRICAL PAPER.

Birmingham, Ala., Herald.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR consists of twenty pages this week, comprising eighty columns. It presents an exceptionally interesting fund of news, criticism, comment and miscellaneous theatrical reading matter, and sustains its reputation as the leading theatrical paper in America.

ELEGANT AND CONVENIENT.

Charleston, S. C., News.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR has been enlarged to sixteen pages, and is now published in a new and improved form. It is generally conceded that the new form combines an elegance and convenience which were lacking in the discarded shape, while the make-up and typography are more in keeping with the dignity, tone and character which have given this journal its preeminence as a worthy exponent of the stage.

DECIDEDLY IMPROVED.

Brooklyn Times.

THE MIRROR, the well-known theatrical weekly, has changed its name to *THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR*, and is now issued in a more compact, enlarged and decidedly improved form. An entirely new dress still further improves its appearance, and its contents—well, when it is said that its contents are as bright as ever, that expresses everything. A feature of this week's issue is a descriptive article on the Church of the Transfiguration, so long known as "The Little Church Around the Corner." The article, which also contains a short biography of Dr. Houghton, is fully illustrated.

COULD NOT BE IMPROVED.

Morristown, Pa., Weekly Herald.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR, the best paper of its class published, appears in an entirely new dress of modern design, which gives it a very neat and pleasing appearance. The letter press, under the editorship of Harrison Grey Piske, could not be improved.

BETTER THAN EVER.

Yonkers Gazette.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the best of our theatrical exchanges, has taken on a new form, and with new type, new make-up and new departments, it is better than ever. Its name has also been changed to *THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR*, which more fully describes its aims, and with an increase from twelve to sixteen pages more room is gained for interesting reading matter. Harrison Grey Piske, editor and proprietor of this handsome weekly, has won his success as a journalist by honorable methods, and the satisfaction he experiences in producing a clean, bright and entertaining dramatic journal must be exceedingly gratifying.

A HANDSOME DRESS.

Washington Republic.

One would have hardly thought that *THE NEW YORK MIRROR* could have been improved upon, but such is the case, and a most noticeable improvement at that. *THE MIRROR*—now and henceforth *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR*—made its appearance last week in a handsome dress of new type.

1990

ance was all that could be desired, and the boys realized a very nice amount. Streets of New York 14 to light business. The performance did not give the same general satisfaction as it did when here last.

EASTON.—OPERA HOUSE (John Brunner, manager): The Streets of New York co. to a good house 15.

MEADVILLE.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (E. A. Hempstead, manager): Floy Crowell was the attraction week of 11. Miss Crowell is supported by an excellent co., much better than the average playing at popular prices. Her repertoire consists of Infatuation, May Blossom, Hoop of Gold and others, which were given to a succession of fair houses. Ed. Dudley, of the Crowell co., made his first appearance in the Hoop of Gold 12 since his illness four months ago. Duff Opera co., booked for 13, canceled, owing to some disarrangement in the route. A later date is promised.

OIL CITY.—OPERA HOUSE (Hempstead and Honeywell, managers): Gorman's Minstrels (return engagement) drew good houses 14, and gave the usual excellent programme. Floy Crowell week of 15.

HARRISBURG.—OPERA HOUSE (Marbley and Till, managers): Daly's Vacation to a good house 11. A very peculiar feature of this attraction in Prince Frederick is a non-vertebrate, who is simply wonderful in his contortion act. Our Picnic to small business 12. Murphy and Murray in Our Irish Visitors drew their usual good house 14. The play has lost none of its fun and has taken on no degree of refinement since we saw it last, but is now, as then, rough and coarse.

SCRANTON.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (C. H. Lind, manager): True Irish Hearts to fair business 9. Both the Clayton in The Quick or the Dead 11; generally satisfactory results. The Dalys in Vacation 13; good business.

TITUSVILLE.—OPERA HOUSE (C. F. Laha, proprietor): Julia Koen to light business 7. Thrown upon the World to poor business 11; co. fair. Gorman Bros. to a top-heavy house 13.

READING.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (George M. Miller, manager): On the Trail; or, Daniel Boone the Pioneer to a fair house 11; performance satisfactory. Alice T. Shaw and concert co. to large house 12. Mrs. Shaw's wedding was a novelty and was well received. Charles T. Ellis in Casper the Yodler gave good performances 13, 14 to large houses. ACADEMY OF MUSIC (H. M. Jacobs, manager): My Partner was poorly given to fair houses 11-12. Fannie Louise Buckingham in Maupassant to good houses 13, 14; the performance was well given.

GREENSBORO.—WHITE'S OPERA HOUSE (A. Van Allen, manager): White's Comedy co. to good business 11. Michael Street co. to good business at advanced rates. In Perkins gave a very clever performance to fair business 11. Frances Everett in Main Schems to poor business. Horace Lewis in Monte Cristo to fair business 14.

ASHLAND.—OPERA HOUSE (T. F. Burton, manager): Johnson and West's National Dramatic co. to very poor business; co. below mediocrity. Nellie Gilmore co. to very light business 11-13; supporting co. miserable.

SUNBURY.—SUNBURY OPERA HOUSE (W. C. Lyle, manager): Streets of New York played a good house 11.

YORK.—OPERA HOUSE (B. C. Penta, manager): Juvenile Wonders to a fair business. The co. disbanded immediately after the performance, nearly all returning to Baltimore. Daniel Boone to a top-heavy and enthusiastic house.

BRADFORD.—WAGNER OPERA HOUSE (Wagner and Reis, managers): Held by the Enemy gave a creditable performance 11.

LOCKHAVEN.—OPERA HOUSE (J. M. Farnsworth, manager): Horace Lewis in Monte Cristo was presented in a very satisfactory manner to fair-sized houses 14.

ALTOONA.—ELEVENTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE (R. D. Grisold, manager): The Showman, under management of Jack Litt, to large house; entire satisfaction. A Cold Day 11; fair house and only partial satisfaction. MOUNTAIN CITY THEATRE (W. L. Plack, manager): Estelle Clayton in The Quick or the Dead played a fair house 7. Michael Street co. to a draw packed houses both nights.

NEW CASTLE.—PARK THEATRE (Hosier and Louis, managers): Gorman's Minstrels gave a performance to large business 11.—OPERA HOUSE (R. M. Allen, manager): In his Power co. presented Camille to and in his Power 9 to fair-sized and well pleased audiences.

PITTSBURGH.—MUSIC HALL (W. D. Evans, manager): Blind Tom drew two fair houses 9. Charles A. Gardner in Fatherland to good business 11; co. and play gave entire satisfaction. Duff Opera co. canceled week of 14.

HORRISTOWN.—MUSIC HALL (John Murphy, manager): Charles T. Ellis gave a fair house 12. Horace Lewis in Monte Cristo to a packed house 13.

BEAVER FALLS.—SIXTH AVENUE THEATRE (Cathbert and Bell, managers): Hardie and Van Lear in On the Frontier 11.—OPERA HOUSE (C. E. Foster, manager): H. M. Marlin co. to 14; good co; very fair business. They presented Queen's Evidence, My Partner, Double Ticket of Love and Marriage.

SENECA FALLS.—THEATRE (J. J. Ferguson, manager): W. J. Shaw played The Irish Rebel to a fair house and an enthusiastic audience 10. Edith Tucher has been playing this week to good business and pleased audiences.

WILLIAMSPORT.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (William A. Elliot, proprietor): Bennett and Moulton Opera co. (A) to standing room only. Alice Johnston and Irene Murphy received an ovation. Strong co. Murray and Murphy in Our Irish Visitors to a large and delighted audience 14. Murray and Murphy made a decided hit. Blanche Seymour, in her songs and dances, did admirably.

NORTH EAST.—SHORT'S OPERA HOUSE (J. W. McCrory, manager): Thrown upon the World co. to a good, but business light. Sidney Worth in operators to light business 11, week.

SENELENS.—FOUNTAIN HILL OPERA HOUSE (E. L. Newland, manager): Casper the Yodler 11, to fair business; audience disappointed in Ellis singing. Streets of New York to slim business 13.—LANTERN THEATRE: Strode family of musical geni to a very appreciative entertainment to fair-sized audience 14.—ITEMS: Attractions are being held on to thick at present. The town won't stand more than two a week, and should not average even that. Miss Gilroy will join The Streets of New York in New York City at, to take the character of Bob in instead of Miss Kido. The latter is making good for the balance of the company, excepting Kido.

RHODE ISLAND.

NEWPORT.—BULL'S OPERA HOUSE (H. Bell, Jr., manager): Local schools had the house 11. Little Lord Fauntleroy 11, 12 and machine to good business at each performance.—ITEMS: John Flood, treasurer of Ladies' Concert co., paid a visit to his home here 12.—The fair grounds of the Acquidneck Agricultural Society have been sold to the Catholic Church—from gay to grave. They will make a cemetery out of the grounds. The annual rumor of a new theatre is again in circulation.

PROVIDENCE.—PROVIDENCE OPERA HOUSE (Robert Morrow, manager): The Twelve Temptations was well presented here last week and was well patronized. Why the mixture is called The Twelve Temptations is beyond my imagination. This week Margaret Mather.—GAIETY OPERA HOUSE (B. P. Keith, manager): Edwin Mayo and co. packed the house last week by their excellent presentation of Kelly Cracker. Kathryn Froust, Eleanor Vaughn and Messrs. Keels and Underhill as Major Royana and Neil Crumpton gave acceptable support to Mr. Mayo. The piece was well mounted and, everything considered, the production was as good as the original. This week J. J. Dowling and Sadie Hassen in Nobody's Claim.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Will T. Leach, manager): Milton Noltes presented From Sun to Sun to a fair house 11. Edwin Farmer, the 300 pianist, gave a concert 14, assisted by local talent. Disney in Adonia did an immense business 15 at advance prices. This week Emma Abbott.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. F. O'Neill, manager): Dark last week. This week Lost in New York.

TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE.—THE VENDOME (J. O. Milson,

manager): A Bunch of Keys did satisfactory business last half of the week. Arthur Rehan's co. opened to a large and fashionable house 14, presenting Nancy & Co. in a manner that delighted every one. The co. all around is one of the best seen here this season.—THE GRAND (L. C. Hall, manager): Little Nugget opened to an overflowing house 14. Everybody was pleased with the performance and the co.—THE WORLD (J. W. MEYTON): Letta has very generously tendered a benefit 11.—Mr. Sheets was unfortunate enough on Dec. 7 to have his money drawer at the Vendome robbed of about \$300 and a diamond pin, which amount belonged to the house and had to be made good by him. The matter was kept quiet at the time and put in the hands of the detectives. As yet no clue to the robbery has been obtained. Jack Crabtree, Letta's brother, incidentally heard of it while here, and being an old friend of Mr. Sheets was prompt in arranging for his relief. The indications are that the house will not be large enough to hold the crowd that will turn out in compliment to "Billy" as well as to Letta.—The Giddy Gusher had a large circle of admirers here and they all express deep sorrow because of her death. Letta's last letters in THE DRAMATIC MIRROR sadly. Peace to her ashes.—Maud Wilson Smith, who is sustaining leading parts in Duff's Opera co. in A Trip to Africa and The Beggar Student, was born in Nashville and has a very large circle of friends among the best people of the city. Her mother is the bright and talented Selma Deary of the Casino, and her step-grandfather was my esteemed and country professor, Major Wilson, who long represented THE MIRROR at this point.

LEBANON.—WHITE'S OPERA HOUSE (R. L. White, manager): Larina Shannon appeared in The Mystery of Audley Court; poor house. Star fair, but support miserable. Salmagundi by home talent 11.

CLARKSVILLE.—ELDER'S OPERA HOUSE (James T. Wood, manager): Little Nugget to good business 12.

MEMPHIS.—MEMPHIS THEATRE (Frank Gray, manager): The Little Tycoon co. closed a very successful week's engagement 9. Arthur Rehan's Comedy co. to a fair house.—ITEMS: Henry Swann, advance agent of Theodore co. is here with his wife and child. The little fellow has been ill for several days, but is improving.—Manager Gray's father-in-law was buried last week. His death resulted from injuries received some time ago on the burning of the steamboat Adams.

KNOXVILLE.—STAUD'S THEATRE (Fritz Staud, proprietor): Two Johns 9, and machine to good business. Marie Prescott 11, 12 in As You Were and in support to splendid business.—BETTY THEATRE (A. A. Galt, manager): Good business conditions at this house.

TEXAS.

GALVESTON.—TRENTON OPERA HOUSE (H. Greenwell and Son, managers): Pawn Ticket No. 100 was Letta's closing bill, and besides drawing a house filled to overflowing terminated what proved to be the most successful engagement of the season at this house. George H. Adams in Ho, She, Him, Har did not meet with liberal patronage 4, 7. Though a host in himself, Adams is fortunate in having such support as Tonia Blanton, whose very clever work received due appreciation. Remainder of the co. competent. A merry performance throughout. George Wilson's Minstrels paid a return visit 9, 10; business light in consequence. The usual satisfaction was given. Oliver Byron opened 11 to a fair house, presenting The Upper Hand. This play is not a valuable addition to his repertoire and did not give general satisfaction. Kara F. Kendall in Fair for Kido 14.—HARMONY THEATRE (J. H. Hawley, manager): Eli Perkins defined "Wit and Humor" to a good-sized audience 7. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club Concert co., of Boston, favored fair audiences with a musical treat of rare excellence 4, 9, inclement weather preventing big attendance.

SAN ANTONIO.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (T. W. Melly, manager): Arthur Rehan's co. played a very satisfactory engagement 11. Fair of Kido 4, 7, 10; business light. Letta played 8, 9, to packed houses. Some Letta as of yore and gave perfect satisfaction. Ho, She, Him and Har 11, 12; fair business. George Adams and Tonia Hanlon carry the performance.

AUSTIN.—MILLET'S OPERA HOUSE (C. F. Millet, manager): A Pair of Kids drew a fair audience 12; co. good. Ho, She, Him, Har drew a fair house 9. Letta to standing room at a premium 11. This was her first appearance before an Austin audience.

DALLAS.—OPERA HOUSE (H. Greenwell and Son, managers): A Bunch of Keys co. to a good business 14; Black Flag co. to fair houses 6, 7. Arthur Rehan's co. in Nancy & Co. and 7-10 played to fine business 11, 12 and machine. Rehan's co. gave good performances and will be received with liberal patronage should they visit Dallas again. Fred Ward, with good support, presented Richard III. 11. The Mountbank 12 to a crowded house.

WEATHERFORD.—HAYES' OPERA HOUSE (B. C. Hayes, manager): Frederick Ward played to a good house 13.

WACO.—OPERA HOUSE (J. F. Garland, manager): Arthur Rehan's co. of comedians in the leading comedy success, Nancy & Co., to a large audience 4. Adelle Waters as Nancy Brasher was fine. Every member of the co. is an artist.

MARSHALL.—MARSHALL OPERA HOUSE (Johnson and Carter, managers): The Black Flag to small business 4. Return engagement of Lilian Leroy in The Wanderer and As a Looking Glass to good business at both performances.

SHERMAN.—SHERMAN OPERA HOUSE (R. Walsh, manager): The Black Flag to a very slim house; good performance. A Night Off to good house 4; co. good. Fred Ward in The Mountbank 9; large house. Mr. Ward has the best co. he has ever brought here.

BEAUMONT.—CROSBY OPERA HOUSE (John B. Goodhue, manager): A Cold Day to good business 11. They gave a fairly good performance of its kind.

PORT WORTH.—OPERA HOUSE (George H. Deewood, manager): The Mico Troupe of Pantomimists presented The Magic Tumbler to poor business 4, 5. The co. was not up to the standard; besides, two nights was too long to stay. The Original Mendelssohn Quintette Club treated a good house to a fine musical entertainment 6.

PAIR.—BARCOCK OPERA HOUSE (Jno. H. Walker, manager): Fred Ward in The Mountbank to a very large audience 7. Mr. Ward is a favorite here, and always takes the capacity of the house.

TEKARANA.—GRU'S OPERA HOUSE (W. T. Feltus, manager): Fred Ward in The Mountbank to a large and enthusiastic audience 6. Geo. Wilson's Minstrels to a well-filled house 7. Mico Pantomime co. 8; small houses and performance poor. Wm. McCrory as Sim Lazarus in The Black Flag was much appreciated and highly complimented by the local press. Lilian Lewis plays a return engagement 14.

HOUSTON.—PILOT'S OPERA HOUSE (Henry Greenwell and Son, managers): Ho, She, Him and Har co. 4, 5 and machine; only fair business. Letta 7; crowded houses.

UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY.—Camilla Uras drew out a very fine musical audience at the Presbyterian Church 4. The lady violinist gave entire satisfaction, as did also the whole company. A piece of mismanagement that the concert was not given in one of the regular houses of amusement.—SPARKS: Corrid's Opera co. will hold the boards 14, 15, in The King's Fool at Salt Lake Theatre.—Hoyle's Hole in the Ground at the Grand Opera House 15.—Col. J. M. Wood, of Chicago, is in town consulting with Manager Clawson on some interior improvements in the Salt Lake Theatre.—Evan Stephens' Grand Opera co. is hard at work on The Daughter of the Regiment, to be produced with a mammoth chorus in the near future.—J. T. White, of local stage managerial fame, is back from his San Francisco visit, and is busy drilling the chorus for The Daughter of the Regiment.—The Home Dramatic co. will present A Scrap of Paper, afternoon and evening, on Washington's Birthday at the Salt Lake Theatre.

VIRGINIA.

LYNCHBURG.—OPERA HOUSE (T. H. Simpson, manager): Robert Mantell in Monbars to good business 11. Polly co. to big house 14.

PETERSBURG.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Charles W. Cortis, manager): Louis James presented Othello

to medium business and well-pleased audience 11. Said Pasha to large and brilliant audience 13.

ROANOKE.—OPERA HOUSE (Tennison and Simpson, managers): Estelle Clayton presented The Quick or the Dead to a very good audience 11. Everybody liked Miss Clayton and thought the play quite an improvement on the book. Sol Smith Russell to one of the largest houses of the season 11.

HORFORD.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Berger and Leach, managers): Don't Sully in Daddy Nolan drew fair and highly pleased audiences 11, 12, and Said Pasha with its brilliant costumes, pretty girls, and pleasing music attracted large audiences 11, 12, and Robert Mantell packed the house 13.

STAUNTON.—STAUNTON OPERA HOUSE (W. L. Oliver, manager): Fowler and Warrington's Shipped by the Light of the Moon to a fair house 11. Hungarian Gypsy Quintette to fair business 13.

VERMONT.

BRATTLEBORO.—TOWNSHALL: Little Lord Fauntleroy played to a packed house and gave general satisfaction 11.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.—NEW ACADEMY (Jacob Litt, manager): Kate Clayton in The World Against Her to a good business. Miss Clayton has ample opportunities in the part of Midge Carlton, the wronged wife, for strong emotional acting and at once enlisted the sympathy of her audience. The Howard Athenaeum Specialty co. gave two well attended performances 11, 12.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (H. Nunne-macher): The Lights of London to draw fair-sized houses. The piece used to draw well here, but has become a back number. The scenery is all that could be desired, but better companies have been seen here in the past on former occasions. A Possible Case began a three nights' engagement 11, attracting good houses. The co. is a strong one.—STANDARD (O. F. Miller, manager): P. F. Baker in The Banquet played to good houses 9, 10.—PEOPLE'S (J. S. Rayner, manager): Lang's Meteors have played to fair business, giving good satisfaction.—GRAND AVENUE THEATRE: A Pat Women's Convention and two stage performances attracted the usual large audiences last week.

OSHKOSH.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. F. Stradella, manager): George's Equines had good business 11. Howard Athenaeum co. did fairly 13; entire satisfaction.

SHEBOYGAN.—SHEBOYGAN OPERA HOUSE (J. M. Kohler, manager): A queer co. styling themselves the Lester, Van Cleve and Marshall's Comedy co. played to vacant seats 13. The house was like the co.

BELOIT.—GOODWIN OPERA HOUSE (Howard and Wilson, managers): Adams and More's co. in a burlesque on Faust to fair house 14.—ITEMS: The managers of the Adams and More co. were very much displeased on account of the absence of ladies in the audience at their performance 14. A misunderstanding seemed to prevail as to the character of the entertainment.

JANESVILLE.—MYERS' GRAND OPERA HOUSE (P. L. Myers, manager): Adams and More's Operatic Burlesque co. in Faust to good business 11, 12.

LA CROSSE.—NEW LA CROSSE THEATRE (F. H. Hanthorn, manager): Margaret Mather had a top-heavy house 11 and pleased well.

WYOMING.

CHEYENNE.—OPERA HOUSE (Rhodes and Guertin, manager): Conried Opera co. in The King's Fool played to over a thousand dollars and gave a fine performance 13. Della Fox joined the co. here after her week's illness in Chicago. J. S. Murphy and co. in Kerry Gow, to a good-sized house 13.

LARAMIE.—MAENNERCHOR HALL (Wm. Marquardt, manager): J. S. Murphy, in Kerry Gow and Shaun Rhue, to good business 11, 12.

CANADA.

LONDON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (N. A. Morrell, manager): Jane Combs in Black House to small business 8. She closed the season in St. Thomas, Can. The Fugitive, with Mason Mitchell in the leading role, to a small house 9. We, Us & Co. had a fairly good house 11.

BROCKVILLE.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (G. T. Peltier, manager): New American Opera co. to a good business; advanced prices 14. Entire satisfaction.—ITEM: Leo Southworth is now assistant manager of the Grand Opera House.

BELLEVILLE.—OPERA HOUSE (W. E. Holden, manager): The American Opera co. in The Bohemian Girl to a fair-sized audience 12.

CHATHAM.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. W. Scane, manager): Hungarian Gypsy Band gave an excellent performance to fair business 9. We, Us & Co. gave only a mediocre performance to good business 12.—MONTPELIER, Vt.: Fred Villiers, war correspondent of the London Graphic, gave one of his lectures to jammed houses 13 under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias.

MONTREAL.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Henry Thomas, manager): Miner's Paul Kaurer to splendid business week of 11. One of the greatest successes, artistically and financially, of the season. The audiences were most enthusiastic, and the principals received double calls at the end of each act. Joe Haworth gave a splendid impersonation of the hero Carrie Turner did some excellent work as Diane, especially in the third act, and while all the supporting cast were good C. Vandenhoff deserves a special word of praise for his interpretation of the Duc de Beaumont. This week the New American Opera co. in a repertoire of grand opera.—THEATRE ROYAL (Spartow and Jacobs, managers): Over the Garden Wall to fair business 11 week. Rodia Worrell, who made a hit here with George Knight last season in Baron Rudolph, heads the co. She is a promising little soubrette and her songs and dances were endorsed. The balance of the co. give an even support. The Russell Bros. introduced some specialties into the last act which were loudly applauded. This week Ada Gray. A Soap Bubble next.

ST. CATHARINES.—HUNT'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE (H. G. Hunt, proprietor and manager): The Fugitive to light business 8. The play was not well received. Chas. Erin Verner in Shamus O'Brien played to good business 11. Rhia in Much Ado About Nothing gave a splendid performance to fair business 13.

WINNIPEG.—PRINCESS OPERA HOUSE (Campbell and Seach, lessees): The stock co. in Kathleen Mavourneen and Our American Cousin drew fair houses last week. This week, Cook, Goodyear and Dillon's Minstrels.

DATE HEAD.

Managers and Agents of traveling companies will favor us by sending their dates, mailing them in time to reach us Saturday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

A. M. PALMER'S JIM THE PENMAN (Eastern-Southern Co.): Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 17-22.

A. M. PALMER'S JIM THE PENMAN (Western Co.): St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 17-22.

ANNIE FLETCHER: Thomasville, Ga., Feb. 20, Jacksonville, Fla., 21, Savannah, Ga., 22, Atlanta, 23, 24, Columbus 25, Montgomery, Ala., 26.

A NIGHT OFF CO.: Riverside, Cal., Feb. 20, San Bernardino 21, 22, Los Angeles 23, week.

A BRASS MONKEY CO.: Philadelphia Feb. 18-two weeks.

A LEGAL WRECK CO.: Milwaukee Feb. 18-week.

A POSSIBLE CASE CO.: Coldwater, Mich., Feb. 20, Kalamazoo 21, Grand Rapids 22, 23.

ARTHUR REHAN CO.: Anniston, Ala., Feb. 20, Adanta, Ga., 21, Athens 22, Augusta 23, Macon 24, Jacksonville, Fla., 25, 26, Savannah, Ga., March 1, 2, Charleston, S. C., 3, 4, Richmond, Va., 5, 6.

ADAMS CO.: Birmingham, Ala., Feb. 20, Chattanooga, Tenn., 21, Lexington, Ky., 22, Frankfort 23, Dayton 24, Springfield 25, Columbus 26, Zanesville 27, Akron 28, Erie, Pa., 4, Meadville 5, Youngstown 6, 7.

ADAMS-MORE CO.: Chippewa Falls, Wis., Feb. 20, Stevens Point 21, Appleton 22, Menasha 23, Oshkosh 24, Fond du Lac 25, Madison 26.

AUGUST JUNKERMAN: Chicago Feb. 17-two weeks.

A BOY HERO CO.: Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 18-week; Jamestown 21, Butler, Pa., 22, Newcastle 23, Wood-
 24, 25, Springfield 26.

AGNES CO.: Danville, Pa., Feb. 18-week.

AUTHERLITZ CO.: Philadelphia Feb. 21-week.

A. R. WILDER: Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 18-week.

ADA GRAY: Montreal, Can., Feb. 18-week; Toronto 21-week; Buffalo, N. Y., March 4-week.

A HOLE IN THE GROUND CO.: San Francisco Feb. 18-two weeks.

A POSTAGE STAMP CO.: Topeka, Kan., Feb. 19, 20, Emporia 21, Newton 22, Wichita 23, Arkansas City 24, Winfield 25, Parsons 26, Fort Scott 27, Nevada, Mo., March 1, Sedalia 1.

ADA GILMAN: Oshkosh, Wis., Feb. 21, Sheboygan 22, Racine 23, Chicago 24-week; Kansas City March 4-week.

ALONE IN LONDON CO.: Oshkosh, Wis., Feb. 20, Milwaukee 21-23.

A PARLOR MATCH CO.: St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 18-week.

AFTER DARK (Webster-Brady) CO.: Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 19-21, St. Paul 22-24.

ADAMS-COOK CO.: Danbury, Ct., Feb. 18-week; New Brunswick, N. J., 23-week; Bridgeton March 4-week.

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS CO.: Chicago Feb. 18-week.

BUNCH OF KEYS (Marietta Nash) CO.: Ironton, O., Feb. 20, Portsmouth 21, Chillicothe 22, Parkersburg, W. Va., 23, Wheeling 24, 25.

BETH SOMERVILLE: Rock Island, Ill., Feb. 18-week.

BUNCH OF KEYS (Eastern) CO.: Detroit Feb. 18-week.

BARRY-PAY CO.: Willimantic, Ct., Feb. 20, Hartford 21, Bridgeport 22, New Haven 23.

BOOTH-BARRETT CO.: Philadelphia Feb. 18-two weeks.

BAIRD DRAMATIC CO.: Woodstock, Can., Feb. 18-week.

BLACK FLAG CO.: Joplin, Mo., Feb. 20, 21, Springfield 22, 23, Sedalia 24, Jefferson City 25, 26, Mexico March 1.

BARLOW'S METROPOLITANS: Fairfax, Mo., Feb. 21-23, Westboro 24-27, Maitland 28-March 2, Quitman 3-5.

BROWN'S COMEDY CO.: Anderson, Ind., Feb. 23-week; Noblesville March 4-week.

BLACK THORN CO.: Greenfield, Mass., Feb. 20, Pittsfield 21, Adams 22, Housick Falls, N. Y., 23.

CLARE SCOTT: Ashabula, O., Feb. 18-week; Alliance 19-week.

CAROLINE GAGE: Rutte City, Mont., Feb. 18-week.

CHARLES T. ELLIS: Carlisle, Pa., Feb. 20, Williamsport 21, Elmira, N. Y., 22, Binghamton 23, New Castle, Pa., 24, Erie 25, Bradford 27, Jamestown, N. Y., 28, Wellsville, March 1, Hornellsville 2, Brooklyn, E. D., 4-week.

CHARLES A. GARDNER: Cortland, N. Y., Feb. 20, Seneca Falls 21, Lyons 22, Bion 23.

COQUELIN-HARRIS CO.: N. Y. City Feb. 18-two weeks.

CLARA MORRIS: Houston, Tex., Feb. 20, San Antonio 21-23, Austin 24, Waco 25, Fort Worth 27, Dallas 28-March 1.

CRYSTAL SLIPPER CO.: Kansas City Feb. 18-week; Minneapolis, Minn., 25-week.

CRESTON CLARE: Topeka, Kan., Feb. 21, St. Joseph 22, 23, Hastings, Neb., 24, Grand Island 25, Central City 26, Omaha 27, Des Moines, Ia., March 1, 2, Marshalltown 4, Cedar Rapids 5, Davenport 6, Burlington 7.

CORA TANNER: Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 18-week; Toronto, Can., 25-week.

CORNER GROCERY CO.: Vincennes, Ind., Feb. 20, Paris, Ill., 21, Mattson 22, Pana 23, Alton 24, Belleville 25.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON: Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 18-week; Brooklyn, E. D., 25-week.

CHARLES E. VERNER: Toronto Can., Feb. 18-20, Lindsay 21, Peterboro 22, Belleville 23, Kingston 25, Brockville 2

MIRROR, the pages having been reduced to a more convenient size, and the number increased from twelve to sixteen. It is the ablest and most reliable organ published in the interest of the dramatic profession. John Mahony, its Amesbury correspondent, is a genial young man, who is very popular with his acquaintances.

THE DRAMATIC PAPER OF AN EXCELLENCE.
Toledo, O., Journal.

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PURE TONE, EXCELLENT QUALITY.
Oakland, Cal., Inquirer.

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A MODEL OF BEAUTY.
Buffalo News.

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The dramas AFTER DARK and LOST AT SEA, having been disposed of by private contract since January 3 last, are not now included in the above list. Persons desiring of making offers to so purchase any of the copyrights now for sale should address their applications to me previously to March 1, that due notice of such sales by private contract may be given.

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